

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SALE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS.

THE original autograph manuscripts of Scott's novels and poems, the proof sheets of the "Life of Napoleon," and many of his other works, were sold by auction in London on the 2nd instant, by order of the trustees of the late Mr. Robert Cadell of Edinburgh. The sale created a sensation in literary circles, and each lot was keenly contested. The following is the result of the sale :

1. "Quentin Durward." The original autograph MS., 4to, Russia, extra, uncut. £142. (Mr. Toovey of Piccadilly.)
2. "The Abbot." The original autograph MS., 4to, Russia, extra, uncut. Pp. 31-53 in vol. 1, and 29-31 in vol. 2, deficient. £50. (Mr. J. Murray, Albermarle street.)
3. "Chronicles of the Cannongate." First and second series, 4to, Russia, extra, uncut. £51. (Melville.)
4. "Woodstock." The original autograph MS., 4to, Russia, extra, uncut. £120. (Thorpe.)
5. "The Betrothed." The original autograph MS., bound up with No. 6, 4to, Russia, extra. £77. (Lauder.)
6. "The Talisman." The original autograph MS., 4to. £70. (Lauder.)
7. "St. Ronan's Well." The original autograph MS., 4to, extra, uncut. £119. (Lauder.)
8. "The Vision of Don Roderick," and other pieces, 4to, Russia, extra, uncut. (Stanzas 19 to 54 in "Don Roderick" deficient.) £57. (A. W. Elrick.)
9. "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," 9 vols., 8vo. The proof sheets, with MS. notes by Sir Walter Scott's friend and printer, Mr. James Ballantyne, the margins covered with corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. In these interesting volumes is inserted Sir Walter Scott's correspondence with the printer during the progress of the work, comprising 57 autograph letters. £69. (Bret.)
10. "Woodstock," 8 vols. in 2, 8vo. The proof sheets of the first edition, with numerous MS. notes by Mr. John Ballantyne, and very extensive corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. Inserted are 14 autograph letters written to Ballantyne during the printing of the work. £59. (Boone.)
11. "Tales of the Crusaders," "The Betrothed," and "The Talisman." 4 vols. in 2, 8vo. The proof sheets of the first edition, with MS. notes by James Ballantyne, and numerous corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. Inserted are eight autograph letters written to Ballantyne during the progress of the work. £40. (Bret.)
12. "Fortunes of Nigel," and "Quentin Durward," 6 vols. in 3, 8vo. The proof sheets of the first edition, with MS. notes by Mr. James Ballantyne, and numerous corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. £45. (Toovey.)
13. "Peveril of the Peak," 4 vols. in 2, 8vo. The proof sheets of the first edition, with MS. notes by Ballantyne, and numerous corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. £26. (H. Stevens.)
14. "The Pirate," 4 vols. in 2, 8vo. The proof sheets of the first edition, with MS. notes by Ballantyne, and corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. £27. (Boone.)
15. "Ivanhoe," "Bride of Lammermoor," "Legend of Montrose," 8vo. Fragments of the proof sheets, with MS. notes by Ballantyne, and corrections and additions in the autograph of the author. Russia, extra, uncut. £21. (Toovey.) Mr. Ballantyne's notes to all these works are very interesting, as they contain the corrections which he suggested during the printing, as well as occasional criticisms and remarks. Sir Walter appears generally to have adopted the advice of his friend; but sometimes they did not agree, and some of his notes in reply are very characteristic.
16. "Tales of a Grandfather," being stories from the History of Scotland, 6 vols., 12mo, interleaved, with numerous corrections and additions by the author. Half Russia, extra, uncut. Edinburgh, 1828.

There was a great competition for the last lot in the sale. It was put up at £5. The biddings went on till they reached £60, when it was knocked down to Mr. Toovey; but there being two bidders at the latter sum it was put up again, and ultimately it was adjudged to Mr. Beet, of Bond street, at £100. The total amount obtained was £1,073.

A WET-NURSE WANTED FOR AN EXPECTED LITTLE STRANGER.—Her Majesty the Queen of Greece being in an interesting condition, the King has nominated a commission, composed of three medical men, to select a wet-nurse for the expected little stranger, and has laid down certain stringent rules for their guidance. For instance, the nurse is to come either from Arachova, at the foot of Mount Parnassus, or from Kyriaki, close to the Helicon. Having thus appeased the most classical and poetic spirits even in his fastidious kingdom, the King turns his attention to the bodily condition of the wet-nurse, who must have "blond or black hair, white and regular teeth," and—"a good supply of food for the Royal infant's consumption. She must not have more than two children, of whom the youngest should be about two months old; she must not be more than eight-and-twenty; and her husband must be certified to be strong and healthy."

From The Quarterly Review.

The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
 Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge.
 A New Edition. London, 1854.

ON Coleridge as a philosopher much has been written, and excellently; on Coleridge as a poet comparatively little, and that little has not, as a rule, been remarkable for either subtle appreciation or accurate discrimination. Should we be far wrong if we went further and said that the poetry of Coleridge is in reality not much read at all? Those who confine their attention to the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' will probably think that we are in error. But we judge by this fact, among others, that in a late edition of his works the whole series of poems written in later life, containing some of his most exquisite and characteristic pieces, is unceremoniously omitted.

The first point which strikes us in Coleridge's character, and which has not, we think, been sufficiently observed, is his ambitious temper, which led him to plan so much more than he or any man could accomplish. It is true that all men who make a great figure in the world must have a share of ambition, a desire for power and for the estimation of power, larger than is found among their fellow men. But in most it is overlaid and hidden by other feelings. Thus in Wordsworth it was overlaid by pride and a certain narrowness of intellect; in Byron it was in a great measure quenched by the admiration which was so early poured upon him, so that for the rest of his life he alternated between vanity, the complacent satisfaction at this admiration, and cynicism, which is the satiety of it; in Shelley there is not enough of definite aim to render the word ambition applicable to him—he had no determinate wish to subdue to himself the realities of the world, he was merely urged onward by an incessant craving, the demon of discontent. But Coleridge was definitely ambitious. His endeavour, consciously pursued and to the end of his life never laid aside nor despaired of, was to survey and arrange in system the whole world of realities; he despised the restrictions which had been laid on this investigation by the narrower spirit of the philosophy of the eighteenth century; all things, spiritual as well as material,

were gathered into his net; no thought was too subtle, no imagination too wild, to become a part of his vast and sensitive mind. There was, indeed, one class of his contemporaries with whom he shared this quality, and much else besides. These were the German philosophers, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. To explain the universe—that, in brief, was the object which these thinkers proposed to themselves. It seemed to them a small thing merely to lay the foundation of a science, or even of the science, as they imagined it to themselves; they must be its entire architects, they must witness its completion. But this was much as if one man were to undertake with his own hands to build a cathedral. Accordingly, all that they have handed down for the benefit of posterity is a vast conception, a magnificent effort; the details of their philosophy have been found practically of hardly any value, from the entire absence of explanation and illustration. Had they worked more slowly, they would have effected much more in the end. To these men, both in spirit and in form, belonged Coleridge, yet with a difference; for besides being a philosopher, he was a poet.

The influence which Coleridge's ambition exercised on his poetry was to some extent injurious, for his great defect is the manifest strain which he puts on himself, often in passages even of his most beautiful poems; as, for instance, in the 'Ode to Dejection,' the last stanza but one of which is entirely spoiled by this fault. It is, however, far more manifest in his earlier than in his later poems; the 'Religious Musings' are scarcely anything but tumid extravagance; nor is the 'Ode to the Departing Year' much better, in spite of the praise which has been lavished on it by eminent critics.

But there was another result, which, though less apparent, was a far better one. For the reaction from ambition is not that petty shame which is the reaction from self-conceit; it is self-humiliation, the acknowledgment of inferiority before a power which at once comprehends and baffles the combatant. And next in dignity to the accomplishment of a great design is the resignation which leaves it unaccomplished, and yet does not cease to believe in the pos-

sibility of its accomplishment. The traces of such a resignation, impressed upon a most tender and sensitive spirit, are to be found in all the later poems of Coleridge. Take, for instance, the following, which is indeed deficient in that imaginative power which is Coleridge's most striking excellence, but for that very reason exhibits more clearly those qualities which we have just been ascribing to him:—

'How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting
strain!

What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?

Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love, and
light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.'

It must be admitted that the middle of the above poem does not correspond in dignity and beauty to the beginning and end (and it was perhaps a half-consciousness of this that induced the poet to use his notes of admiration so profusely), but, as we have just said, passages of inferior merit are common even in Coleridge's most remarkable pieces.

Ambition, tenderness, imagination—these are the three key-notes to the character of Coleridge. Doubtless there were in the complexity of his nature other veins also, and some of inferior metal, whereby he has been a problem of no small difficulty to those who have tried honestly to understand him. But these three are his predominant qualities, those which first strike a sympathetic reader of his works; and the others we believe to have been more or less superficial, and the result of weakness: but we shall have more to say of them presently. In none of his poems do his distinctive merits appear more prominently than in the following, entitled 'Love, Hope, and Patience in Education;' and here they are

blended in the harmony of that wide experience which comes with declining years:—

'O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold
firm rule,

And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy
graces,

And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so

Do these upbear the little world below
Of education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped, in seemly show,
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
Oh, part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,

Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother Love,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave
to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtaken at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.'

Can any other poem of this century be produced in which, with so small a compass, there is so wide a range? It begins with the schoolroom, and ends with principles that are applicable to all men and all times. The truths which it expresses are seen at once to be true; yet they are new, if not individually, at least in the colligation, the unity which binds them together. There is no outcropping of intellectual effort, of conscious observation; yet the results of both intellect and observation are there. And the whole is not like a philosophical thesis, requiring time to understand it, but is impressed on the mind at once by the imagery with which it is conjoined. It is a sort of vision, flashing on the mind at once; and undoubtedly it must have so flashed on the mind of the poet; yet for such a vision to have presented itself to him, a long exercise of the faculties must have been necessary. This is what is meant by imagination. Compare with this any of the most admired pieces of Tennyson—almost anything, in

'In Memoriam' will do — whether we take the first half, in which observation is predominant, or the latter half, which abounds in thought on abstruse subjects. For instance, the following: —

'Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chesnut pattering to the ground;

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold;

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers
To mingle with the bounding main.'

Can any one say that there is spontaneity in such lines as these? It is quite clear that they are thought out; the observation, however delicate and beautiful (and it has these qualities in a high degree), has been collected and put together with conscious knowledge; the poet is quite aware of the fact that he is a poet; he has never lost himself in any sudden vision, such as compels utterance. The lines are expressive of passion, certainly — of observation, certainly — but not of spiritual truth. Still, such softness of pathos, such originality of description, must command our admiration, however we may think it to fall short of the highest attainment possible. But what shall be said of the abstruse thinking which occupies the latter half of 'In Memoriam'? Such lines as these: —

'That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest hope, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All: within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess.

I found him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:'

and those which follow, are not poetry but philosophy; and to say the truth, the philosophy is neither very original nor very good. And here again, as in the former passage, let it be noticed how entire a want there is of the 'ars celare artem;' or, to speak more truly, the poet has never seen anything so transcendently wonderful, nor

felt any impulse so fervid, as to carry him out of himself, and make him wholly forget every predetermined purpose and will of his own, under the influence of the force that bears him along in his unpremeditated flight. Of such an impulse there are partial traces in one work of Tennyson, and in one only; and that is 'Maud.' In his other poems he is never touched by that 'frenzy of the Muses' of which Plato speaks. Tennyson cannot fail to be admired; but his admirers have confounded overcarefulness with perfection, and have assigned him a rank among our greatest poets, which, we are convinced, he will not permanently retain.*

But to return to Coleridge. Before leaving the poem on which we were commenting, there is one more remark that we must make respecting it. Since Milton wrote 'Samson Agonistes,' there has not been, except this, any poem of the first rank written in English by a man beyond middle age. This is well worth noticing, for the endurance of a man's powers is the best test of the capacity of his mind. Of two of the greatest geniuses of the century, Wordsworth and Scott, it is certain that they had exhausted their powers some time before their death. And if this cannot be said with equal confidence of Byron and Shelley, who died comparatively young, it at any rate must be allowed that they had shown no decisive signs of adding to the passion and exuberance, which are the merits of early writings, those other excellencies which are the characteristics of maturer life. If we except Keats, whose promise of excellence was great, but whose performance is too undeveloped to produce the same vigorous impression as the others whom we have mentioned, these are the great poetical names of the beginning of the century.

* Tennyson and his imitators would do well to ponder upon the words of Plato: *ὅς δ' ἂν ἀνεν μαρίης Μουσῶν ἐπὶ ποιητικῆς θύρας ὑπὸ κλειψίδος ἀρα ἐκ τέχνης ἰκανὸς ποιητὴς εὐόμενος, ἀτελής αὐτὸς τε καὶ ἡ ποίησις ὑπὸ τῆς τῶν μαίνομένων ἢ τοῦ σωφρονιστοῦ ἡρασιᾶσθῃ.* — Phædrus, p. 245, A. We subjoin the translation of this passage by the Master of Trinity in his admirable edition of the 'Phædrus' recently published: — 'Whoso knocks at the door of Poesy untouched with the Muse's frenzy — fondly persuading himself that art alone will make him a thorough poet — neither he nor his works will ever attain perfection; but are destined, for all their cold propriety, to be eclipsed by the effusions of the inspired madman.'

For the only genuine and truly delightful poems of Southey — his ballads — have not sufficient importance to be put in the same rank; and Moore, Campbell, and Crabbe cannot be considered so high.

We have hitherto said scarcely anything of those two poems of Coleridge by which he is most widely known, the 'Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel;' and, in fact, there is scarcely anything to be said of them that is not already acknowledged and undisputed. Yet it is worth while to note briefly their distinctive character. As written in his youth, they have naturally no marks of a wide experience; nor would, perhaps, the range of his mind be easily conjectured from them. And though there are many marks of his tender sensitiveness, it does not (especially in the 'Ancient Mariner') come out as prominently as in his later poems. But for pure imagination, no man since Shakspeare has written anything to equal them. It is true that it is in many respects a dreamlike imagination; the links which bind it on to reality are few; its wanderings centre in a primeval region of the mind, where things are linked together by laws more slack and capricious than in the world which we know. But it is a true and not a forced imagination; it is a native growth of the mind, and not a mere arrangement of things observed and thought; and is thus pointedly distinguished from such a mess of arbitrary monstrosities as 'Kehama.'

'Christabel' is the finer of the two poems, and perhaps it gains rather than loses by the fact that it is unfinished. For a finished work rather excludes the thought of that infinity which surrounds every human history; it makes us think that there is an end, which having been gained, there are no more questions to be asked, no changes to be expected. This is the effect which we commonly experience on laying down a novel, whether it have a prosperous or calamitous end. When Ivanhoe marries Rowena, the reader is satisfied; when the Laird of Ravenswood is swallowed up in the sands, he is, if not satisfied, at least not inclined to make any further inquiries; in fact, it does not enter his head to do so. He does not concern himself about the future at all. But the realm of reality never stops; whether we perceive it or not, it extends onward into the illimitable continuity of the universe. And to express this infinity is a rare and peculiar merit in a work of art; few even among the greatest men have compassed it; and perhaps in many cases where it is found, it may be rather an exquisite accident than the result of study and knowledge. The 'Prometheus' of Æs-

chylus, Michael Angelo's statues of Night and Day, 'Hamlet' (not so much by virtue of the story as from the intense personality of Hamlet, which we cannot conceive as perishing even with his bodily death), and Goethe's 'Faust;' in a lesser degree, perhaps, the 'Odyssey' (for surely no one ever finished that poem without a wondering interest as to what would happen to Ulysses in the future). These are the most prominent instances. Ought we to add Dante's great poem? We think not, for the infinity contained in it is a known infinity; an infinity without change, as measurable and comprehensible as is the infinity of a pair of parallel lines. It transcends our intellect by magnitude, not by the nature of the ideas it contains. Whereas the infinity here spoken of is that of an ever varying and developing reality.

Though 'Christabel' cannot for substance and comprehensiveness be classed with the great works above-named, it is no less unique, no less genuine, no less spiritual, than any of them. What shall be said of the creation of such a poem? Observation, thought, intellectual energy, these contributed to it but the barest lineaments, the scantiest outlines. The matter of it came from the heart of the poet; it is the personification and embodiment of those forces whose struggle takes place, not in the region of nerve and muscle, but in the inmost circle of the spirit; amid those pulses and delicate fibres which in most men vibrate unheeded and unfelt, but which the sensitive tact of the poet retains, observes, and brings to light. This is the true essence of poetry. It is curious to compare 'Christabel' with the earthly energy of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' or with the passionate force of the 'Giaour' — either of them equally plain and straightforward, and intelligible to the coarsest understanding.

Of the 'Ancient Mariner' the best criticism is that made by Coleridge himself. Mrs. Barbauld — so we read in the 'Table-talk' — had alleged two faults in it: first, that the story was improbable; secondly, that it had no moral.

'As for the probability,' Coleridge says, 'I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and

says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.'

It may, perhaps, be reasonably thought that the latter part of this criticism goes too far, and that some moral or emotional principle ought to underlie every poem, however remote it may apparently be from the world to which we are accustomed; that a series of fanciful pictures, like the 'Arabian Nights,' is not, in the strict sense, poetry. But the obtrusiveness of the moral is no doubt a fault in the 'Ancient Mariner,' and puts it below the level of 'Christabel,' which has besides throughout a more delicate workmanship. Take for instance from the latter the following passage, which has always appeared to us to be marked by a curiously felicitous blending of imagery and sentiment:—

'The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here;
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim:
But Christabel the lamp will trim.'

Taken in connexion with the rest of the poem, the dimness of the room and of the lamp have a mysterious meaning; but, independently of this, the 'figures strange and sweet, all made out of the carver's brain,' carry us away to far other regions than those which are actually present before us. 'The twofold silver chain' is a graphic touch.

On the other hand, the scenery of the 'Ancient Mariner' is more weird and tremendous than in the other; and some passages of it—particularly the conception of Life-in-Death—exhibit the only successful instances in his writings, or, we may add, in the writings of any poet of this or the last century, of that sublimity which is allied to terror.

Coleridge did indeed often aim at such sublimity; but in general, to say that he failed conveys a very inadequate idea of the depths to which he fell. He was, to do him justice, partly aware of his failure. 'My poems,' he said, 'have been rightly charged with a profusion of double epithets and a general turgidness.' When in his worst and most inflated mood, this was the sort of stuff that he wrote:—

'O return!

Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form

Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry!

The mighty army of foul spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery, &c.,
&c.

Shrieked Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hissed the locust-fiends that
crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track'—

passages which harmoniously, but not agreeably, combine the styles of Dr. Cumming, Mr. Robert Montgomery, and Mr. M. F. Tupper, but of which it is at first sight inexplicable how Coleridge came to write them. We believe, however, that it resulted partly from his admiration of Mr. Bowles: a poet admired at that time by many men of genius, of whom Wilson was one, and who was flattered even by Byron, but whose works to readers of the present day seem downright twaddle. Our respect for Coleridge forbids us to quote more of the 'Religious Musings' or the 'Destiny of Nations;' and if those two poems, together with his early sonnets, were excluded from his published works it would be the better for his poetic fame. After all, the same may be said of Shelley's 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' of Byron's 'Hints from Horace,' and of a still more considerable portion of Wordsworth's poems. An age of effervescence is always an age of inequality.

Two of Coleridge's most celebrated poems are the 'Ode to France,' extolled by Shelley as the finest ode of modern times; and the 'Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni,' which, as is well known, is an expansion of twenty lines by Frederica Brunn. Neither, however, can be placed altogether in the first rank of poems. The 'France' is too contentious: we hear too much of 'blasphemy' and 'priestcraft;' it is instinct rather with the spirit of the controversialist than of the lyricist. Yet the first stanza is fine and worthy of remembrance. The 'Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni,' again, is open to this criticism—that it has, strictly speaking, no subject: no central point, that is, to which all the lines converge. To which of these two things it is that the poet seeks to direct our attention: the intrinsic beauty and majesty of the mountains and rocks and glaciers, or the fact that all this richness of external Nature was the creation of God? When Isaiah wrote, 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a meas-

ure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? . . . It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in,'—it is plain that the Prophet uses the majesty of Nature as a mere step to lead to the majesty of God; he would not mention the heavens and mountains and hills at all, were it not for the sake of the other. On the other hand, when Wordsworth wrote these lines—

'I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a newborn day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,' &c.,

—it is the pure beauty of Nature, clearly, which is his central point, into whatever distant regions of thought or feeling it leads him—and he does wander very far from it in the course of his poem—yet that which inspires him is always felt to be the glory of flowers and waters and stars and sunsets. But now take these lines of Coleridge—

'Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!'

What, here, is the true theme of the poet, the inspiring reality? Is it, as was the case with Isaiah, and as is professedly the case here, the Divine Being? We answer, No. It was a sentiment of propriety, and not of inspiration, that led Coleridge to give a religious turn to his lines; and propriety is a bad guide in poetry. He had no business to feign an enthusiasm. The real poetic vigour of the piece, which is considerable, lies entirely in the descriptions.

It may be remarked that Mr. Browning, in one of his most celebrated poems, 'Saul,' has fallen into a similar error, where he represents David in returning from the presence of Saul, to whom he has been prophesying, as at once conscious of the presence of unseen spirits—

'There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left
and to right,

Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive,
the aware—'

and being also at the same time deeply impressed by, and exercising a keen observation on, the phenomena of Nature:—

'I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of
the hills;
In the shuddering forests new awe; in the sudden
wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off,' &c.

We are incredulous. If David had really felt the angels present he would not have observed external things so accurately.

None of Coleridge's pieces is better known than the 'Genevieve.' The first stanza of it is most excellent:—

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.'

But the rest is not much more than sentimentally pretty, of that sort of prettiness which is often popular. On the other hand, the ode on 'Dejection' is less known than it ought to be; some stanzas of it are scarcely rivalled for the mixture of philosophical reflection and deep pathos:

'My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are
within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!'

Of the poems written by Coleridge in his later years we have already spoken. Let us quote one more of them; it is on the famous maxim of the Greek sage, 'know thyself':—

'Γινῶθι σεαυτόν! and is this the prime
And heavensprung adage of the olden time!
Say, canst thou make thyself? learn first that
trade;

Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made.

What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?

What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm, — life, death, soul,
elod —

Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

In these lines, rough and ungainly as they may seem, devoid of all poetic imagery or effect, there yet may be found matter for thought. They express in Coleridge's mind the vanishing of philosophy into religion. Was he sincere? We are convinced that he was: the very roughness of these lines, and those associated with them, speaks of sincerity. We do not hold, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that he was a man devoid of morality; nor with Mr. Carlyle, that he spent his life in unavailing wanderings over the deserts of thought. On the contrary, it seems to us that he was fundamentally a good man, and that his efforts have been productive of much good to mankind. Still, both in his life and in his writings there is much to be regretted, and which none regretted more than himself. He sought after goodness, and he sought after clearness of thought; but his original aim was to be all-comprehensive, and in this endeavour he lost much of both intellectual and moral excellence.

With respect to his writings, it must be borne in mind that the pen was not his instrument. He was great only through instinct; he floundered and became helpless directly he came to a matter requiring patient systematization; and hence, judging both by the reports of others and by those fragments of his conversation and lectures that have been preserved, the conclusion is forced upon us that the books which he composed with the greatest care, such as the 'Friend' and the 'Aids to Reflection,' very inadequately represent the real man; and, in fact, there is not in them nearly the force and the brilliancy that there is in the 'Table-talk' or the 'Lectures on Shakspeare.' He said of himself, 'I can think with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanly reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.' And the greater part of his life was spent under the pressure of illness. Still, making all allowance for this, it must be admitted that his thoughts were frequently obscure and perplexed, and that he was himself unaware of their obscurity. And if this was the case with respect to speculative matters that were his pecu-

liar province, much more was it the case with respect to his practical action, in which he never had trained himself to resolution and decision. Here all his weaknesses lay open and bare to every eye. His indolence; his perpetual procrastination; his promises, never to be redeemed; and that effervescence of small vanity which, though alien to his true nature, he never could entirely quell or restrain; all these have been the ready mark of his opponents, and have laid him open to charges, some true, some unfairly exaggerated, or even false. He took opium, and continued to take it, in the midst of incessant lamentations and repentances; he left his wife and children to the care of Southey. These things are to be admitted: yet the one was the natural sequence of the other, for infirmity of will entails many unforeseen consequences, yet not the less grievous. With respect to the other charge that has been urged against him — that of plagiarism — we are convinced that if Coleridge published in his own works with insufficient acknowledgment the labours of others, this was the result of his confused habits of mind, joined to a powerful but yet most fitful and inaccurate memory, and not to any desire of taking to himself the credit due to others. It appears to us that, when in his 'Biographia Literaria' he published extracts from Schelling's philosophy, the acknowledgment that he made to that philosopher was such as, if not really sufficient, might yet well appear sufficient to a person of his careless habits and clumsy methods of expressing himself. That he intended deliberately to defraud Schelling is so far from proved, that it is scarcely possible to suppose it, if we consider the eulogistic terms in which he spoke of him; and the same remark applies to the reminiscences of Schlegel that occur in his 'Lectures on Shakspeare' (which, besides, were extempore lectures, never published by himself, nor at all, except in fragments). Concerning Schlegel, he said: 'If all the comments that have been written on Shakspeare by his editors could have been collected into a pile and set on fire, that by the blaze Schlegel might have written his lectures, the world would have been equally a gainer by the books destroyed and the book written.' Do plagiarists usually speak in this way of the writer from whom they steal? In one point only does Coleridge seem to us really culpable: namely, in his almost unqualified assertion of his own contemporaneous discovery of the theories promulgated by Schelling. Herein, as his manner was, he forgot the difference between design and execution. There is no reason to doubt

that the outline of Schelling's theories was in Coleridge's mind some time before he had read Schelling's works; but between the outline of theories and their development there is a vast interval, which Coleridge was bound (especially in this instance) to recognise, but which he always overlooked.

In recounting the faults of Coleridge, let it not be forgotten that he was so conscious of his own failings that he desired his life to be written, not as an example to other men, but as a warning.

No poet is ever an isolated phenomenon; and no poet's works can be adequately understood without a reference to his contemporaries and the age in which he lived. And hence, that the position of Coleridge in relation to others may be made clear, it will be necessary to consider the principal similarities and differences between his poems and those of his most distinguished contemporaries.

The poet with whom Coleridge, as a single poet, may best be compared, is Wordsworth. Wordsworth and Coleridge, again, will naturally be set over against Byron and Shelley, the representatives of a different impulse and a different mode of thinking.

The minds of Coleridge and Wordsworth bore, in many points, a very remarkable resemblance to each other. Each had the poetical and critical faculties in the very highest degree; each too had the speculative faculty, but with this difference, that whereas in Coleridge it germinated and luxuriated abundantly, and ruled over, though it could not overpower, the rest of his nature, in Wordsworth, on the other hand, it was strictly kept under. Wordsworth was a man who, of deliberate purpose, narrowed his mind and forced it into one channel, in order that he might thereby produce a greater effect. His sympathies were naturally wide: witness the intense enthusiasm he felt and expressed for the French Revolution at the outset; witness also the sincere affection displayed in his more mature writings for all classes and characters of the people among whom he dwelt. But his stern practical design, the rigidity with which he set himself to do a fixed work, cut off one half of the sphere of which he might have been the master, and weakened the living force of the other half. He read hardly any books; and though books will not serve as a foundation for poetical or any other excellence, they indefinitely increase its range. He travelled, indeed, but he did not mingle with the people among whom he travelled; he surveyed them from a distance. He isola-

ted himself from the crowd, in order to obtain a clearer view of his road; but in doing so he lost his communication with men.

It is true that, in a practical point of view, the result has justified him; his success has been commensurate with his aim, which was itself no mean one. All succeeding English poetry has followed him, and not Byron, or Shelley, or Coleridge. Not to speak of avowed disciples, such as the author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' neither Tennyson, nor Clough, nor Mr. Matthew Arnold, are ever without marked traces of his influence. They have taken his intellectual sphere as the general groundwork of their ideas; the instances in which they have gone beyond it are very few indeed, though they have rendered it more soft and pliable, and mingled it with a sceptical tone from which his nature was abhorrent. Mr. Browning, it is true, is not a follower of Wordsworth; but neither is he a follower of any other master; and to say the truth, his originality seems to us rather of an intellectual than of a poetic character.

It will be found that Wordsworth's critical writings, greatly as they contributed to his immediate unpopularity, have been an essential element in his influence, not in themselves, but as explanatory of his general position. It is true that the poems which he wrote with an immediate reference to his critical theory, and almost one might say with the view of illustrating it, were by no means good; sometimes very bad indeed. But this was not because the theory was bad, but because a critical theory cannot supply the place of, though it may direct and control, the overflowing energy of passion. It was his criticism that marked out the region which he intended to occupy; and the world at once felt that the region was one to which they had never been introduced before, and one well worthy of being cultivated. The intellectual design was with him the ruling element; into it, as into a Procrustean bed, he forced his emotions and sympathies; it could not quench them, but it seldom let them have quite free play. Nevertheless, we do not wish to underrate the real pathos, intensity, and poetic imagination of which he was master. The genius in him was too often curbed by the understanding; but it did at times get loose, and then the regions to which it soared were the highest. It is a curious result of his self-narrowing humour that its influence is entirely confined to England; neither his temperament nor his intellectual sphere is adapted to the continent, where he is almost unknown.

It is here that Coleridge is so sharply

contrasted with Wordsworth; the limitation, the practical definite purpose of the one, are the most complete opposite of the unrestrained, all-sympathising nature, devoid of design, because eager after such vast designs, which is the characteristic of the other. And there can be no doubt that the course taken by Coleridge was as ill calculated to gain prominent and striking success, as that taken by Wordsworth was well calculated for the same end. Wordsworth is understood by every one who will take the proper trouble; Coleridge is, properly speaking, understood by no one; that is the sum of the matter. And hence, while Wordsworth's poetry is serene and happy, that of Coleridge is disturbed and unhappy; he travails with his greatness; he cannot bring it to birth, into the clear light of heaven. Shelley expresses this with poetic vigour:

'You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure
In the exceeding luster and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lustre blind,
Flings wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.'

Nevertheless, if the success of Wordsworth has been more definite, the influence of Coleridge has been much the wider of the two. Wordsworth aimed at being the model for poets; he was indeed, he could not but be, much more than this; but this is what he is chiefly and most conspicuously. Coleridge wished to be the inspirer and former of an age: he is so only to a few, but to those few he is so still; his thoughts heave and ferment in that undefined mass which this generation is striving to develop into order and life. And similarly we may now see the explanation of the fact already noticed, that while Wordsworth's power gave but few symptoms of itself, poetical or otherwise, in the latter half of his life, that of Coleridge, despite his bodily infirmities, was then most productive. For Wordsworth, having done his task, had nothing more to say; Coleridge's task never approached completion.

But we must now proceed to the much more essential differences which separate the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth on the one side, from that of Byron and Shelley on the other. The intense, vivid, and original nature of these four men causes the real origin of these differences to lie deep; but the superficial tokens of it are obvious. All four began in a career of vehement liberalism, that 'long fit of indignation' which is often aroused in a generous

mind by the first contemplation of the existing state of things. Two of them continued in that career, and not being able to find in England the food necessary to sustain the strong tension of their minds, left their native country and became the foremost poets of that democratic impulse which for eighty years has shaken the continent with expectations that are the hope of some and the dread of others, but of which we in England have till these last years only felt the faint and distant vibrations. These two, having lent all their strength to the aid of this movement, died early. In foreign countries they are still put above their rivals; Byron far above all the others. Whereas the other two were pulled up, as it were, with a sharp shock, and recoiled from their liberal fervour; began immediately to philosophize and systematize; lived long, and in their native country, and with few and continually diminishing foreign connexions; and lastly, left behind them an influence hardly recognised on the continent, but in England not surpassed by any contemporary writer. Passion is the main characteristic of Byron and Shelley, sympathetic vision the main characteristic of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

To develop this distinction, let us leave for a moment the consideration of particular poets, and inquire—What do we mean by poetry? what by a poet? A poet is a man who makes others see and feel what is beautiful; in any manner, if the word be used in its broadest sense; through rhythmical composition, if it be used in the narrower sense. The perception of beauty is the perception of life, and the power and essence of life lies in passion. For passion is the force by which we live; it is the necessary condition of our being; the necessary condition of the being of all living things. If we look downwards through the scale of creatures, we shall see how the faculties which distinguish man gradually fade away and vanish; first, intellectual energy, and moral sympathy, and self-restraint, and then the different senses one by one—sight, hearing, taste, smell—until at last, in a creature like the polypus, a confused mass of sensation takes the place of those varied and complex powers of which we are the possessors. But every creature has a capability of pleasure and pain, and consequently of passion. Passion is not desire, for desire implies a definite object; passion is the straining of the whole being towards that which it feels to be its good. It varies infinitely in its forms, but the laws of it are constant. If unsatisfied, it dies away from inanition; if satisfied, and then left to lie stagnant, it dies of the stagnation; it can

only be kept alive by a continual energy, that acts on the outward world, and receives from that world the corresponding reaction. This energy all men seek to obtain, according to the nature and strength of the passion that is in them. Some find it in the ordinary operations of manual labour, in digging the ground, weaving or grinding. Some as the leaders of men, whether as statesmen, or generals, or captains of vessels, or employers of labour. Some in that silent exercise of thought which frames laws for the lawgivers of mankind. And not only does the whole man strive after such an energy, but the different organs seek that appropriate to their respective functions, which being denied to them, their death and the dissolution of the whole organism ensues. And even in the most remote realms of nature, in vegetables, or in the electric and magnetic currents, something corresponding to these workings may be dimly discerned. The universe of life, in short, is composed of this ever-varying flow of forces, which rise in untraceable ways, and seek and imperatively demand for themselves such a sphere of action and reaction as is suitable to their respective strength.

Now, a poet must discern and exhibit this living universe, which lies underneath and is manifested through the phenomenal universe, and make others feel its reality. But how is he to do this? and what is to impel him to do it?—what, in short, makes him a poet? It must be his own passion, which for some reason or other has not found its exercise elsewhere, and has therefore been forced back on itself. Hence every poet is at first egotistic. What he first observes is his own passion; but the consummation of poetry is to break through this egotism. This Shakspeare did, and this, though in a smaller sphere, Wordsworth and Coleridge did; but this Byron and Shelley did not—at least not so as to free themselves from it entirely. They are, as we have already said, revolutionary. The primeval chaos in them was never subdued into a universe of order and light. Yet a poet must necessarily begin with chaos; it is the first necessity, the condition of his originality. For from whence do new forms of beauty come? Not from cosmos, not from the universe which is already harmonised and known to men; for then they cannot be new. New beauty must ever spring from the darkness which lies at the root of all things, from the travail of the creative spirit in the primal abyss. From that abyss have likewise sprung many things besides beauty; the clear and dispassionate understanding, which shapes itself

in science and mathematics, had its root in what was not clear but vague; so also have great deeds of courage and morality, in which men have disregarded all hitherto known rules, and cast themselves on their instincts, which have then become a mould and a form determining them for their future good. Whoever desires to lay hold of something new and undiscovered, must take no account of all the things that at present appear to him, but adventure himself boldly into a darkness, where for a time he will neither see nor hear anything, but from which, if he can endure long enough, he will return laden with trophies of creation, a messenger able to open the eyes of other men, and to give them faculties of which before they had not so much as dreamt.

This is what Byron and Shelley did. And though the light which they discerned was never disentangled from chaos, never harmonised into unity, the merit of their originality remains. Indeed, in one way they have even been a greater force on this very account. For young minds, who themselves are groping in darkness, feel the more vividly that here they have fellow-labourers; and the powerful energy of these two men penetrates those who by their own disorder would be prevented from feeling the perfect influences of Shakspeare or Dante.

How are we to compare the two pairs of poets whom we have selected, as regards essential merit? It is scarcely possible. Yet there is much to be said in the way of comparing them, both on the whole and in particular portions.

Coleridge and Wordsworth, as we said, are distinguished for sympathetic vision; they had emerged out of chaos, and the beauty which they saw stood before them in unity and in clear light. This at least is true wherever they were truly poetical, wherever they expressed in their verse the genuine aspect of beauty; for not unfrequently their development took a wrong, that is, an unpoetic turn. For there are many ways in which the mind may emerge out of a chaotic state, besides the way of poetry; and among these is the way of the intellect, the scientific and critical sense, a genuine source of enjoyment, but quite different from the perception of beauty. Now Coleridge and Wordsworth often fell into the mistake of confounding intellectual effort with poetic inspiration; they wrote verses that were not poetry, but argument. This was in great measure the result of what in itself was a merit, their intellectual energy, in which they surpassed Byron and Shelley. It is indeed hard for one who feels diverse instincts keenly to separate them one from

the other; and though where he fails to do so the failure must be confessed, this ought not to diminish our sense of his greatness as a man. And certainly, though in Byron and Shelley there is a much larger amount of poetic effort than in the other two, a greater variety of beautiful forms; and though in Shelley especially there is perhaps not a single prosaic line, yet there is not in either of them any stretch of poetry so long, so pure, and of such a high order as the 'Ode on Immortality' or 'Christabel.'

The sum and substance of all that we have said is this. Every poet begins as a chaotic egotist; he ends with the vision of harmonious beauty, the highest order of which is the beauty of human character. Now in this development Wordsworth and Coleridge had reached a much higher stage than Byron and Shelley. What we find in the 'Ancient Mariner,' or in the lines on 'Tintern Abbey,' is not, properly speaking, egotism; the poet refers to himself rather as a partaker in the universal human nature than as an individual. But 'Childe Harold' and the 'Revolt of Islam' overflow with egotism; the poet in both these cases is clearly throughout thinking of his own individual desires, passions, tumults, hopes. And the fact is, that a poet who cannot find any other thread on which to string his pearls, must use himself as such a thread. All the topics of 'Childe Harold,' Greece, Parnassus, the Rhine, the Alps, Venice, Rome, the ocean, have no other connexion but this, that Byron saw them all.

The greatest of all poets, Shakspeare, as he far surpasses any of these four in the harmoniousness and variety of the beauty which he finally discerned, so also is he the best example of the poetic development. The sonnets of Shakspeare have exquisite single beauties, but they are egotistic and unformed. In both these respects they are like 'Childe Harold,' but with a great difference; for in 'Childe Harold' the egotism is rampant and unashamed, in the sonnets it is subdued, kept under, and therefore flows less freely. These sonnets have been compared to 'Lycidas' and 'In Memoriam'; but how different are they! 'Lycidas' and 'In Memoriam' are completed works; 'Lycidas,' as it were, a single picture; 'In Memoriam' a series of mosaics. But the sonnets are not a work, if by that he meant anything deliberately planned and executed; they are the impulsive action of a mind so great that no materials as yet found are great enough for it, and which is therefore compelled to turn round and feed on itself. It is clear that Shakspeare in his youth laid a strong hand upon himself. Egotism, in

truth, was so abhorrent from his nature, though in this single instance he indulged in it, that he could not rest till he had found in the human nature around him, in its depths and its superficialities, in its most special as well as in its most general manifestations, a perennial source of splendour in which he himself had no share save as the observer and the recorder of it. How far superior is he to Coleridge and Wordsworth! superior even in his philosophy, in his general view of mankind; while in the apprehension of individual characteristics and peculiarities they are not to be named together with him.

Let us return to Byron and Shelley. They are egotistic; and their egotism is the symbol at once of their greatness and of their failure. Had they had either less sensitiveness and self-consciousness, or more strength to endure till the order and unity of the world without had become manifest to them, their work would have been more complete. As it is, they appeal to us for pity, and we cannot refuse it. Shakspeare, who is victorious, does not need our pity; success can dispense with any aid on our part. But the hopes and efforts, magnificent with whatever imperfection they were stained, which perished in the Gulf of Spezia and in the camp at Missolonghi, are of the nature of a tragedy; we are moved by them with an instinctive impulse to action; we cannot but put forth a hand to help those whom we see falling, however vain in reality our assistance may be.

And what lines of light and of beauty shine through this failure! The sublimity of external nature, regarded as a thing in itself, apart from the ways and thoughts of man, was felt and expressed by these two in a manner that cannot be surpassed. Take this from the 'Revolt of Islam':—

'A scene of joy and wonder to behold
That river's shapes and shadows changing ever,
Where the broad sunrise filled with deepening
gold
Its whirlpools, where all hues did spread and
quiver,
And where melodious falls did burst and shiver
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and
spray
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river,
Or when the moonlight poured a holier day,
One vast and glittering lake around green islands
lay;'

or Byron's, from the third canto of 'Childe Harold,'

'A populous solitude of bees and birds,
Of fairy-formed and many-coloured things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than
words,

And innocently open their glad wings—'

or, indeed, the whole description of Lake Lemana; or that of the temple near the Clitumnus, in the fourth canto. It is true passages of this kind cannot be regarded as of altogether so high a kind as the perception and expression of the spiritual influences of nature, as they work upon man. In this rare gift of spiritual imagination the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge abound. It is scarcely necessary to quote such well-known lines as

'And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;'

or—

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;'

or—

'They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;'

or—

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird who loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

It would be extremely unjust to Shelley to deny that he also possessed this gift. Too generally his mind was full of his own troubles; but when he got free of these, as he did sometimes, then his delicacy of nature made itself felt in poetry of the most pure and refined insight. We do not think that he ever wrote an entire poem of the very highest order; but there are passages in him with respect to which praise is felt to be rude and almost insolent, so tender are they, so spontaneous, so little written for admiration, so full of nobility of thought and feeling, so penetrative into the nature of man. His most popular poems can scarcely be said to be of this nature; but many such passages will occur to those who are well acquainted with him. Let us quote some lines from 'Epipsychidion,' the most exquisite, and perhaps the least known, of anything that he ever wrote:

'This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude.
And I have fitted up some chambers there
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,
And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below.
I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,

Folded within their own eternity.

Meanwhile

We too will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens
bend

With lightest winds to touch their paramour;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,
Possessing and possessed by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one:

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright
Gazing on many truths;

If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope.'

It cannot be said that Byron is distinguished for spirituality in any part of his writings. It is the want of this in him that disposes some English critics to undervalue him, as if it was a mere mistake that he was ever thought a poet; and on the other hand, the relatively high rank which is assigned to him on the continent may be partly owing to the fact, that delicate penetrativeness of imagination is apt to evaporate when surveyed through the medium of a foreign language, whereas the broad effects do not. Yet we cannot admit that the estimate of Byron which has been formed by continental writers is to be thrown aside as worthless. The greatest of all poets, and of all critics in this century—Goethe—speaks of Byron in almost transcendental terms of admiration; and his opinion is shared by the most eminent German critics of the present day. It is to them simply inexplicable, that any Englishman should fail to appreciate the grandeur and originality of Byron's genius, and should for one moment think of comparing him with Tennyson or Browning, or any of the modern 'Epigoni.' Very characteristic indeed is the manner in which Goethe, in the 'Lebensverhältniss,' written soon after Byron's death, speaks of the 'whirl of temper and squabble and abuse' in which many of the great Briton's compatriots had been, as it were, reeling around him during his lifetime. 'Now,' he says,

'his nation will of a sudden wake, and become sober, and comprehend that all the husks and dross of time and individuality through which and out of which every one of us must work his way, were but things of the moment, most transient in their nature, and of no real account; while the amazing fame to which he has lifted up his country, now and for ever, must remain boundless in its splendour and without limits in its consequences.' 'Assuredly,' he continues, 'this nation (the English) which may boast of so many great names, will place him, glorified, with those from whom it will ever have to derive its own honour.' Goethe's own attempts, fragmentary though they be, at reproducing 'Manfred' and 'Don Juan,' are well known. Nay, he actually went so far as to propose to all the most 'talented translators' of Germany to try their hands in unison on the last named poem, which he calls a work of '*unlimited genius*.' And almost droll is the way in which he defends himself against the possible outcry of the German Philistines against this proposal. These attempts, he says, need not exactly be printed, but might be used and 'modestly developed as an exercise of good talented heads' among the few. But with a fine homethrust at easily-shocked hypocrisy, he adds: 'Yet, looking closely at the matter, there is scarcely much to be apprehended from a publication of such poems for the cause of public morals. Both poets and prose writers would have to do very extraordinary things indeed if they would be more fraught with corruption than the public journals of the day.'

Never, perhaps, has a great poet immortalised another great poet in the way Goethe has done with regard to Byron. The latter, in the second part of 'Faust,' appears as Euphion, the offspring of Faust and Helena: or of the depth of the Germanic mind, wedded to the plastic beauty of Hellas. In the Greek myth Euphion is the son of Achilles and Helena, born on the Isles of the Blessed, winged, and of beautiful stature, and killed by Jupiter's lightnings. The beautiful youth in Faust suddenly falls dead at the feet of his parents — 'the Aureola mounts cometlike heavenwards, the lyre and the mantle remain upon the ground,' and the chorus intones this dirge: —

* Wüsstest wir doch kaum zu klagen,
Neidend singen wir dein Loos:
Dir in klar' und trüben Tagen
Lied und Muth war schön und gross.
Ach! zum Erdenglück geboren,
Hoher Ahnen, grosser Kraft,
Leider! früh dir selbst verloren,

Jugendblüthe weggerafft;
Scharfer Blick die Welt zu schauen,
Mittainn jedem Herzensdrang,
Liebesgluth der besten Frauen
Und ein eigenster Gesang.
Doch du ranntest unaufhaltsam
Frei ins willenlose Netz,
So entzweitest du gewaltsam
Dich mit Sitte, mit Gesetz;
Doch zuletzt das höchste Sinnen
Gab dem reinen Muth Gewicht,
Wolltest Herrliches gewinnen, —
Aber es gelang dir nicht.
Wem gelingt es? — Trübe Frage,
Der das Schicksal sich verummummt,
Wenn am unglücklichsten Tage
Bluthend alles Volk verstummt.'

The beauty and perfume of these lines necessarily evaporate in a translation; but we subjoin Mr. Theodore Martin's version of them: —

'Dirges none we'll sing in sadness,
Enviously we chaunt thy fate!
For thy song in grief or gladness,
Like thy soul, was fair and great.
Born to earthly bliss, most rarely
Gifted, of a race sublime,
Yet, alas! call'd hence too early,
Nipp'd like blossom in its prime.
Thine a vision was divine, too,
Thine a heart that felt for all;
Woman's fondest love was thine, too,
And a song most magical.
Yet didst thou in wild defiance,
Sway'd by wayward impulse still,
Spurn at rule, and all compliance
With the laws that curb the will;
But thy soul, at length victorious,
Shall from wisdom earn its due;
Thou didst seek the greatly glorious,
But couldst not attain it too.
Who does attain it? Sad inquiry,
Which from Fate wrings no reply,
When, on the day of anguish fiery,
The nations mute and gory lie.'

That which distinguishes Byron from all other poets of this century, from almost all other poets that have ever lived, is his political poetry. He had little sympathy with man as man, and little sympathy with men as individuals; but he had profound sympathy with nations. For liberty, wherever he saw it, he had an enthusiasm neither fanatical nor theoretical; neither the enthusiasm of a conspirator, nor that of a philosopher; but the enthusiasm of a man who knew something of the breadth of the world, who was not deficient in common sense, and yet had abundant store of feeling. Here was a subject which there was little need of subtlety to appreciate; here his strength of grasp found a fit ally in his magnificent power over imagery: —

'Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm against the
wind;

Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and
dying,

The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.'

These were lines which even Wordsworth, little as he was disposed to appreciate Byron, acknowledged to be genuine poetry. And can his 'Ode to Greece' be forgotten? or those stanzas in the second canto of 'Childe Harold'?—

'This must he feel, the trueborn son of Greece,
If Greece one trueborn patriot yet can boast;
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondman's peace, who sighs for all he
lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword;
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee
most;

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime
record

Of hero sires who shame thy now degenerate
horde!

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athen's children are with hearts en-
dued,

When Grecian mothers shall give birth to
men,

Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and
Fate?'

We think it certain that a great portion of the estimate in which Byron is held on the continent is due to his political tone; to his strong, but not extravagant zeal for the freedom of nations. Foreign nations are more ardent in their desire for liberty than we are, precisely because they have less of it; and they value more a poet who makes it his theme. But, moreover, Byron had the true tone of nationalism, as opposed to patriotism on the one hand, and cosmopolitanism on the other; he had raised himself above the position in which one's own country is regarded as the end of all things, without losing the sense of the distinction of nations between themselves. This would seem to be the truest mode, at present, of regarding mankind; for cosmopolitanism has something unreal about it; it is the view of a philosopher who communes with his own mind, but is neglectful of the world around. Shelley was a cosmopolitan; and his odes to liberty have about them something visionary, and even fanatical. Campbell and Wordsworth (in his sonnets) have

written political poems which come next after those of Byron, though at a long interval. Both of these were patriotic, rather than national or cosmopolitan; Campbell most distinctively so; and his well-known odes, though failing in breadth, have a flow and freedom only inferior to the poems of Byron. Wordsworth's sonnets, on the other hand, are somewhat dry and intellectual, though full of matter.

There is one poem of Byron in which the egotism, though existing, is yet not inordinate, and where, consequently, the pathos is pure and undisturbed; the poet having a true notion of the relation which he himself bears to the outer world. This is his 'Epistle to Augusta' (his sister); a confession of his own failure in life, which cannot but affect us:—

'If my inheritance of storms has been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors by defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.'

It is this unassuming egotism (though in other forms of it) that moves us in Burns and Heine; and it is a very different thing from the pure egotism which knows of nothing but itself and its own emotions.

Shelley and Byron, each in a single instance, endeavoured to escape out of their own personalities, and depict the outward world with an impartial eye; Shelley in the 'Cenci,' Byron in 'Don Juan.' It will be proper to consider how far they each succeeded in this attempt.

The 'Cenci' has received much praise for accurate painting of men; but this seems to us a mistake. The language, indeed, is surpassingly vigorous, and many of the thoughts are most striking; all these belonged to Shelley himself. But surely the characters are very crudely drawn. How different is the unredeemed, causeless, fiendlike villany and blood-thirstiness of Count Cenci from even the most wicked of Shakspeare's characters! Macbeth, Richard, Iago, Goneril, these are all human; in each case we see how it is that they become what they are; it is either from some great and overpowering ambition, or from meanness and insensibility of nature, or from low revenge acting on a mind that has accustomed itself to none but cunning and filthy thoughts. But what are Cenci's motives, predispositions, desires? There are none. And is anything to be made of the character of Beatrice? We doubt it exceedingly.

It is possible, indeed, that placed in so extraordinary and dreadful position as she was, all subtle shades of motive and impulse may have been annihilated by the one thought and fear that had possession of her; but yet we cannot help thinking that a poet with a true insight into her nature would have found something more than those few bold lines which Shelley has drawn. The characteristics of the 'Cenci' are, in fact, very much the same as those of the Greek plays, and it would occupy a very respectable place among them; not, perhaps, quite so high as the 'Prometheus,' the 'Antigone,' or the 'Medea,' but decidedly above the 'Seven against Thebes,' or the 'Philoctetes.'

'Don Juan' is, as has often been remarked, the truest and fullest exhibition of Byron's nature. There is extraordinary picturesqueness in the different scenes, particularly in the first four books; the satire, though too savage, is often good; and the outbursts of passion are more genuine and perhaps more splendid than in any of Byron's other works. It has no centre, and no plot, nor properly speaking any characters; for these all would have demanded concentration of thought, which Byron lacked. Yet, with all its faults, it is the greatest of Byron's efforts. No critic of 'Don Juan' ought to omit mention of that most graceful passage in which Jeffrey is addressed:

'And all our little feuds, at least all mine,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below,
Are over; here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne"!' &c.

No passage that Byron ever wrote gives one so kindly an impression of him; and here we may well leave him. It is impossible not to regret that, by his early death, he lost the opportunity of earning a purer and less chequered fame than his early life had won for him; but he had affected Europe with a power that he could never have equalled in any other line. In him, as well as in those whom we have classed with him, not we alone, but all generations of Englishmen, must take an abiding interest. They are the latest of our poets whose inspiration was not borrowed, but original; those of the present day are the inheritors of their ideas; and if they have excelled the elder generation in care, in freedom from faults, in artistic completeness, they lack the fire and strength of that time when poetry was considered not so much an art to be perfected in isolation as a means of rousing men to great thoughts

and great deeds, and when the very failings of poets resulted from the breadth of the field they endeavoured to occupy.

From The Spectator.

GLEANINGS FROM FRENCH GARDENS.*

THIS is a suggestive work, full of the exact knowledge derived from practical experience and daily occupation. Mr. Robinson writes upon a subject he understands in a clear and unpretending manner, with no attempt at book-making, but with a distinct aim and reasonable purpose. He gives our English gardeners credit where credit is due, and at the same time shows in what respects they are surpassed by the horticulturists of France. So many topics are touched on in this volume that it is difficult to lay hold of the salient points. Some of the chapters are devoted to subjects interesting only to the professional gardener, but the greater portion of the book will be found of value to the amateur. Mr. Robinson complains, and we think justly, that we do not make sufficient use of hardy plants in the arrangement of our gardens. In this respect indeed we appear of late years to have retrograded. So much has this been the case that many of the plants familiar to us as children, and as cheap as they were familiar, are now rarely seen and can only be procured at an extravagant price. Fashion rules over the flower garden as much as over the toilet, and the variety of bloom and foliage which was once so admirable in English gardens is now superseded by blazing patches of colour. It is true that what are called florists' flowers — the ranunculus, the tulip, the hyacinth — were always and of necessity grown in separate beds; but twenty years ago far more attention was paid to mixed borders than is paid now. Geraniums and other bedding plants have been brought to rare perfection by the new system; but we question whether the effect of vast masses of colour is pleasing to the eye. We are dazzled, but not gratified; we gaze at these bright beds with wonder rather than with delight. In fact, our gardens, to quote an expression of Mr. Robinson's, are often "overdone with flowers;" and he notes how this mal-arrangement is avoided in the Luxembourg, in the Louvre, and elsewhere, by planting herbaceous plants in the centre of the border, so as to produce a permanent line of verdure. He mentions, too, more

* *Gleanings from French Gardens, comprising an Account of such Features of French Horticulture as are most worthy of Adoption in British Gardens.* By W. Robinson, F.L.S. With numerous illustrations. London: F. Warne and Co. 1863.

than once, what must have struck all visitors to Paris, the pleasing manner in which the Irish ivy is employed as an edging to flower beds:—

"In the private garden of the Emperor the ivy bands are placed on the gravel walks, or seem to be so; for a belt of gravel a foot or so in width separates the ivy from the border proper. The effect of these outside of the masses of gay flowers is excellent. They are the freshest things to look upon in that city, all through the months of May, June, and July. They form a capital setting, so to speak, for the flower borders, the best indeed that could be obtained; while in themselves they possess beauty sufficient to make it worth one's while to grow them for their own sakes."

This is but one of many uses to which ivy is applied. It is used as a covering to everything unsightly, it is planted in nearly every courtyard in Paris, and Mr. Robinson observes that he never saw the scarlet geranium to greater advantage than in deep long boxes," placed against a wall densely covered with ivy, and that planted also along their front edges, so as to hang down and cover the face of the boxes." In tasteful arrangements like these the French display great ingenuity and a fine eye for colour, and although they cannot compete with us in large private gardens, they excel us greatly in the floral decoration of houses, and windows, and city courtyards. The latter are generally left by us in all their bareness, and it is a pleasant surprise when we come upon a patch of flowers or a pretty fernery in a London byway. In France, on the other hand, there is a general appreciation of these vegetable felicities; and we shall not soon forget our delight last summer, while wandering one hot day through Rouen, at the sight of a square courtyard belonging to a large millinery establishment which was veritably a bower of greenery and blossoms. Truly has it been said that it is the chance and cheap pleasures of travel that impress us the most strongly. Mr. Robinson remarks, by the way, that ivy is frequently used in Paris as a screen in living rooms, and in some shops is allowed to grow up the walls,—a pretty custom truly, but one which we should not care to see adopted in England, since the love we cherish for ivy is shared in by snails and other insects. Mr. Robinson has a great admiration, which we can only share with him in a limited degree, for M. Haussmann's transformation of Paris; but we participate in his enthusiasm for the boulevards, and for the exquisite skill with which shrubs and flowers are planted in every available position. Our London atmosphere will not allow us to follow closely the

example of the Parisians, but it is certain we might do much which has not been hitherto attempted.

A curious chapter in these *Gleanings* is devoted to "Salad Culture," which, as our readers are probably aware, is one of the great successes of French gardening. We have been disposed to think that this success is due in large measure to climate, but Mr. Robinson avers that this is a mistake, and that there is no possible reason why we should not grow as good salads in England and Ireland as ever went to the Paris markets. His remarks upon this matter, which are of necessity technical, prove that he has given careful consideration to the subject. He believes, too, that with proper attention we could grow in these islands peaches as good and as cheap as ever were produced at Montreuil, and that instead of that delicious fruit being a mere article of luxury, it might be profitably grown for general consumption.

In conclusion, we thank Mr. Robinson for an instructive book on a subject which possesses some interest for all readers. Gardening is an expensive amusement when carried out with all the appliances of art; but gardening, which is one of the most exquisite and satisfactory of pleasures, possesses the great advantage that it may be brought to much perfection on a small scale, and with very limited means. From the amateur it asks more for taste than money, more for love than science, and we venture to assert that it yields quite as much delight to the man who gardens on a small scale, but with his own hands, as to the millionaire, with his lines of glass houses and his acres of pleasure-grounds.

From The Leader.

FLIRTING AS AN ART.

SOCIETY bears far too hardly upon flirts. The majority of these not uninteresting creatures are simply the victims of a peculiar temperament. Flirtation, in their case, is due to physiological, not psychical causes. They coquette with men for the same reason that kittens play with each other; it is their instinct thus to amuse themselves. Their pretty wiles are not the result of a theory, but the quite unconscious, unintentional, and innocent play of a natural impulse. The sly looks, the quaint graces, the pert airs which seem so very artificial, are no more artificial than the colour of the young person's eyes or the tapering form of her fingers. "Be natural, and abandon these meretricious pretensions and affect-

tations," says society; and the flirt is natural, but alters neither her habits nor her manners. Then society, never very logical at the best, becomes angry. She sees her finest boys being tortured, and turned from the serious business of their life, and altogether made fools of, by this little woman with the languishing eyes and the shapely mouth. Eldest sons as well as younger sons are the prey of the flirt; and more sedate young women, whom it would be highly advantageous for these boys to marry, sit unsolicited and alone. Society begins to call the flirt names. She regards the tiny woman (nearly all girls who are flirts by nature are small in person) with the virtuous indignation of a disappointed mother. She thinks it a monstrous thing that the dangerous little creature should be tolerated; and she is amazed to see the attentions paid to her by the men. Hence the name flirt has become one of dire opprobrium. Out of mere self-defence society has been forced to excommunicate this subtle enemy. Flirtation is the secret poison which, introduced into the social body, disarranges its functions, upsets its equilibrium, and tends to produce decay and death. For it is the business of society to get people to marry. All its institutions have, more or less openly, that end in view. What are its balls, parties, picnics, and so forth, but so many opportunities for love-making and consequent match-forming? They are as much ruled by one ultimate aim as are the rustic games of Scotch villages, which are essentially so many ingenious devices for allowing young people to kiss each other. Now, flirtation enters this pretty scheme as the serpent entered Paradise. It is the one foreign element. It overturns all the nice calculations of prospective mothers-in-law. It defeats the prospects of many a very worthy and honest girl. It turns the head and empties the pocket of many a very tolerable young gentleman. Sometimes it occasions a suicide. Need we wonder that society regards this thing with horror? Unfortunately, however, society refuses to recognise this distinction between flirtation and the flirt. Flirtation may be — nay, is — bad enough; but if the flirt only acts in consonance with the unavoidable impulses of her silly little nature, how is she to be blamed? We shut the leper out beyond the gates, or we lock him up in a hospital; but we are not moved by any ill-will towards him. Why should we be angry with this gentle creature of nineteen, who cannot help looking at you with her big eyes in a peculiar way; who cannot help writing in an ingeniously suggestive manner; who sucked in a tendency

to flirtation with her mother's milk? As yet, we have no hospital for the cure of flirtation in which we might shut up this fascinating invalid. Flirtation-doctors have not yet arisen; and while we take no precautions to prevent or cure the disease, we console ourselves by abusing and vilifying the persons afflicted. Such treatment does not accord very well with our generally professed notions of benovolence and mutual sympathy. It may be more or less satisfactory to ourselves, but it is not very logical.

If, in this matter, society must direct its rage against some one, that scapegoat should not be the flirt natural, but the flirt artistic. The one is the victim of a poison running through her veins; the other is a skilful elaborator of this poison, using it as a charm to produce all kinds of devilment and sorcery. The flirt natural is an unfortunate; the flirt artistic is a criminal. One may forgive a girl who owes to the chemic action of her blood a disposition for indefinitely making love to everybody; but she who simulates the symptoms of this ailment in order to procure for herself a passing amusement removes herself into another class. The flirt natural is not nearly so dangerous as her artistic sister. The former is very likely to bring her career to a close by suddenly marrying, and then her husband, acting as keeper, prevents her committing ravages upon society to any great extent. But the flirt artistic is not caught by any of these sudden gusts of passion. She is too cool, self-collected, self-conscious. She does not flirt because she cannot help it: she chooses flirtation as her favourite pastime, and prepares herself for it. Mr. Briggs going out fishing with a splendid assortment of rods, gaffs, landing nets, hooks, feathers, lines, reels, and what not, is but a feeble representative of the artistic flirt, when she enters a room clothed in æsthetic armour. She bristles with weapons. She can throw pointed knives with the precision of a Chinese juggler. Where the flirt natural draws out her forces so clumsily as sometimes to make her an object of ridicule in the eyes of the person attacked, the flirt artistic manipulates them with the skill and accuracy of a general. She knows how they will best tell; she is further acquainted with her enemy's weak points. The natural flirt, prompted by her innocence, shows her hand too much. Making love to a widower, she will get into rhapsodies over the beauty and angelic temper of as plain and pestilent a lot of little brats as ever tormented a visitor. She will grossly flatter to his face a cold-blooded author who is studying her for "material;" or she will pretend to be hurt

by the negligence of a man who, instead of thinking anything about her, is pondering over some railway bridge he is building, or the price of some yacht he wishes to purchase. A woman who understands the true art of flirtation never commits such blunders. She knows, in the first place, that the easiest way to pique men into attention is by the display of indifference to them—a display, however, which must not be so overdone as to be apparent. She knows that men like to seek, not to be sought; and her object is to make herself, not worth the seeking, but seekable. That is to say, she does not care so much to possess that which men most love, as to possess that which will provoke most men into fancying they love her. It is amusement she wishes; and she does not care to have the pastime grow too serious. Then there is the chance of exposure, scandal, and other unpleasantness. She prefers to make life agreeable to herself by reaping the gentle flatteries men bestow on the women who most attract them. The possession of beautiful eyes is only valuable to a woman if other people recognise their beauty; and the great art of flirtation is the securing of this attention by the skilful bringing out of the flirt's best points. The flirt's best weapons is undoubtedly her eyes. The eyes can utter so much without compromising their owner. They never blunder; they never shock unexpected prejudices; they never say anything rude or hasty or injudicious. However great a woman's cleverness may be, there is always a chance of her misrepresenting herself in a letter; however accomplished a talker she is, she is always apt, especially in the subtleties of flirtation, to commit herself. But the eyes are never chargeable with inconsistency. They may be grossly inconsistent, they may make love to a man one moment and laugh in his face the next; but the victim of their inconsistency dare not complain. He cannot prove his case against so intangible an enemy. It is this which makes the flirt's eyes so powerful and so dangerous. Her manner is also a strong weapon. Natural graces of form and feature she knows how to cultivate to the best advantage as well as other women; but in the acquired grace of her manner she has one of the principal instruments of her pet amusement. Other women may have as fine a neck, as pretty wrists, as delicate hands; but the artistic flirt knows how to make these speak the occult language in which she converses with her admirers. And it is to be noted, that the woman who definitely chooses flirtation for her chief pastime, and who devotes herself to it with all the energy

of which she is capable, has generally plenty of admirers and few lovers. The natural flirt, who flirts because her sympathetic and foolish little heart delights to bask in the sunshine of sham love-making, is far more likely to win the adoration of a real lover than the woman who treats flirtation as a science. The former may herself fall in love, if only out of a weak sympathy with a strong passion; the latter, loving a free life full of amusement, will not allow herself to be guilty of any such indiscretion, and takes care to stifle the premonitory tendency to it. A woman who is not swayed by any self-conscious theory, and who makes love to everybody merely because making love comes naturally to her, is quite likely to be led, also naturally, into making love to some one in particular. Then comes the crisis of marriage, the cares of children and domestic duties, and the ceaseless battles with reculant servants, to drive the quicksilver of flirtation out of her blood, and transform her into an affectionate, motherly, and pleasant little woman. The artistic flirt is seldom captured and tamed in that way. Sometimes she becomes the victim of a grand passion; and gives her former admirers their revenge by committing some prodigious act of folly: but more frequently she amuses herself with sham love-making until real love-making is no longer possible to her, and she subsides into the comfortable quiet of elderly single life.

From The Leader.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

APOLOGISTS for the "*sexes engendrés pour damner tout le monde*" are wont to say that the flirtation of young ladies is only a kind of necessary experiment. By no other means can they properly test the character of the various young gentlemen solicitous of the honour of their hand. Flirtation enables them to "differentiate." It is not so much an amusement as a duty; and the whole race of husbands that might be are only asked to sacrifice a little time and attention for the benefit of the husband that is. In the end they will all share in the satisfactory results of the theory (supposing that they all marry); they are like so many rejected articles which wander from one office to another, until they light upon the magazine which they really suit. The gentlemen whom one hears advocating this theory point to the otherwise defenceless state of the girl of twenty. What means has she of testing the character of her suitor except that of giving him a little

encouragement and observing the effect it has upon him? Then the lover begins to assume those airs of special proprietorship which appertain only to the husband; and from the manner in which he comports himself in this new character the young lady may judge of what his developed conduct is likely to be. If the prospect is not very enticing, she "drops" her suitor; there is a bitter little quarrel, much denunciation, she earns some experience, and the reputation, among illogical persons, of being a dangerous flirt. This is a very pretty theory indeed; only we do not see why it should not work both ways. Why should not male flirts have the same excuse offered for them? The women of the present day, far more than the men, cultivate a polished reticence, a graceful reserve, and apparent indifference which almost defy an inquiry into their real nature. But a man who engages in a little preparatory experimental love-making with several young persons at once, or in succession, is hooted and scorned. We accord to our women the right of playing a little with the various offers held out to them; but we expect that our young men should go straight ahead, like a blinded horse, and run his nose against the first person who comes in his way. He has no business to look to the right hand nor to the left. Society expects him to make up his mind in the privacy of his own chamber, and then come out and meet his doom like a man. His business is not to consider, but to marry. Let him be thankful for what he gets, and discover the character of his wife in the impartial time which succeeds to the first blush of marriage.

No mortal man, however, was ever able to accommodate his life to a theory; and so we find men continually making those experiments which are supposed to be the exclusive right of women. Unfortunately, also, they sometimes go a little too far; and not only in withdrawing incur the reprobation of society, but also put themselves within the reach of the law. Perhaps the suitor is at first quite charmed with his choice. He forgets those prudent maxims which the wisdom of previous generations has handed down to him. There is nothing in all the earth to compare with his Sylvia; and he does not mind in what form he utters the opinion. The mischief happens when he puts his opinion on paper, and records his unalterable intention of making Sylvia his wife. By-and-by he discovers certain flaws in Sylvia's temper, or family connections, or individual history, of which he was previously ignorant. He begins to reflect; and the affianced lover who hesitates is lost.

He proceeds to suffer peculiar qualms about those too positive assertions which he so innocently scribbled on note-paper and posted to Sylvia. Perhaps he wonders if she burnt them; and feels uncomfortable on remembering how often she has talked of the exceeding care with which she hoards every specimen of his beloved penmanship. There are now two courses open to him. If he fulfils his written and spoken vows, he must marry a woman whom he would rather not marry; and such a marriage is not likely to be productive of extraordinary happiness. If, on the other hand, he resolves to withdraw from the society of Sylvia, that gentle creature is down upon him with a lawyer's letter, giving him notice of an intended action. Alas! for the poor suitor. Those tender epistles which he wrote in the gushing fullness of his affection are now read to a tittering court; they are put in a prominent position in the newspapers by the inhuman sub-editors; they furnish food for godless levity in smart leading articles. Then the damages. Impertinent inquiries are made as to his income, his position in society, and what not; and, while he is perhaps at bitter feud with his tailor and jeweller, two or three years' income is demanded from him in order to solace the wounded spirits of Sylvia. He gains experience, doubtless, but he has to pay for it. Sylvia's friends look upon him as a traitor and a villain; his own friends regard him compassionately as a fool; he is made the butt of public ridicule; and has to yield up a larger sum of money, perhaps, than he ever possessed at any one time in his life. Persons have been known to incur these penalties more than once in their career; but such cases are rare, and point to some congenital defect of intellect. Indeed, the wretched and imbecile figure cut by a man who is prosecuted for breach of promise of marriage is almost enough to deter all other men from ever writing to a woman under any circumstances whatever. The legal penalty is nothing to the ridicule which he incurs. Perhaps the unholy delight which every reader of a newspaper experiences on meeting with the publication in a law court of a series of love-letters, is partly due to his inward consciousness that he, too, has written as absurd rubbish, but was too prudent or lucky to do so *pro bono publico*.

The moral glaringly pointed out by all such cases is the intelligible one of caution on the part of the suitor. He ought to conduct his experimental research into the fair one's character without putting his first hasty estimate upon letter-paper. It does

not at all follow that Sylvia looks merely to the acquisition of a certain sum of money when she institutes a suit against him on account of his faithlessness. If such be her character, he deserves to be mulcted in heavy damages for not having discovered it in time. It is far more likely that anger and resentment caused by the gross insult of his desertion are the moving causes. Perhaps he has already begun to pay attention to some other young person — or has even had time to marry her; in which case no one can wonder at any act of vengeance proceeding from the forsaken Sylvia. It must be remembered, also, that it may be pure fickleness and inconstancy on the part of the suitor, and not his further experience of Sylvia's temper, which produces the catastrophe; and in *that* case, he only pays smartly for an inherent weakness of character. Other cases occur in which the defendant has been entrapped into promising marriage by a scheming woman whose sole object is money. Then the best course for the unhappy victim is simply to say to this person — "Very well, I will marry you, as I said. I won't give you any money for the return of my letters. I won't hear of any compromise. If you wish, I will marry you; and I promise you I will make your marriage so 'hot' for you that you will wish yourself dead, or in Pentonville Prison as a happy relief." In the simpler case of a man being compelled to choose between

marrying a woman with a bad temper (the existence of which he discovered when too late) and incurring an action for breach of promise of marriage, one hardly knows which of the two evils is the greater. There is always this to be said on behalf of the action, that, while its immediate effects are very sore indeed, and bitter to be borne, they are got over in time; while an evil-tempered wife sticks to you with the pertinacity of a devil-fish. If the petty torments of thirty years' living with such a woman be added up, they will form an amount of agony compared with which the shame and ridicule of an action for breach of promise are very little indeed. In either case, we heartily commiserate the victim. It is difficult to say how much of this punishment he deserves in respect of the want of prudence he has displayed; though it seems sufficiently hard that he only of the two persons concerned should suffer. The "damage done to her feelings," which the young lady's counsel invariably dilates upon, is a mild sort of evil when contrasted with the frightful consequences which must fall upon the defendant, whatever course he may pursue. A contemplative man, regarding such a prospect, will be disposed to think that in the list of evils from which we pray every Sunday morning to be delivered there should be included "an action for breach of promise of marriage."

From Good Words.

THE CHILD-MARTYR.

"A noble instance of self-sacrifice was witnessed at Newcastle on Sunday (May 31). While four children were playing on the railway near the station, an engine and tender came up. One little fellow ran for the platform, and his example was followed by his elder sister. Looking back, however, she saw that the other two children were in imminent danger. She returned to them, and drew them to her side, between the rails and the platform. As the engine passed, the connecting-rod struck her down, and she died in a few moments. The children she had so nobly protected escaped almost unhurt. The name of this heroic little maiden was Margaret Wilson, daughter of a miner." — *Daily News*, June 3, 1868.

Four children at their little play
Across the iron-furrow'd way;
May-flowers upon the last of May.

Three, babies; and one, Margaret,
In charge over the others set
To lift and soothe them if they fret.

The sky is blue; the sun is bright;
The little voices, pure and light,
Make music as they laugh outright.

The dreadful weight of giant wheels
Amongst them in a moment steals,
And death is rolling at their heels.

She ran with one to reach the side;
And reach'd it, and look'd back, and spied,
Where the dark wheels right towards them slide,

The other two that were forgot,
Playing by death, and knowing not; —
And drew them to the narrow spot

Between the rails and platform side,
And these are safe: but as they glide
The wheel-rods struck her, and she died.

So they were safe; but there she lay,
Nor any word could Margaret say,
But closed her eyes, and pass'd away.

— My little heroine! though I ne'er
Can look upon thy features fair,
Nor kiss the lips that mangled were:

Yet thy true heart, and loving faith,
And agony of martyr-death
God saw, and He remembereth.

E. T. PALGRAVE.

From The Quarterly Review.

History of Lace. By Mrs. Bury Palliser.
London, 1865.

LACE may to unthinking persons seem but a gossamer subject for history; and the fairy fabric has indeed had a gossamer fate, having been unceasingly tossed up and down in the gusts and storms of political passion and religious revolution; yet trifles light as air acquire historically a grave significance, just as the foam of the sea may mark the track of a leviathan. Lace indeed exercises no longer the great empire which it once possessed, either over the male or female mind; and its loss of the allegiance of one of the sexes appears to be complete; so Mrs. Palliser has very aptly undertaken the function of becoming the Gibbon of the decline and fall of lace, at least as regards the male portion of the community. Lace appears now, alas! to be permanently banished from the necks of judges, bishops, and kings, and the cravats of fops and heroes, and its use is monopolized by that half of the species who enjoy also the exclusive prerogative of wearing gay feathers and bright colours. A good many smart things have been said about fashion, but it is yet to be desired that some writer may arise and perform for the 'Physiologie du Gout,' as applied to dress, the service which Brillat-Savarin rendered in respect of the arts of the table. A common psychological condition no doubt underlies the countless *avatars* of fashion, and the political, metaphysical, and æsthetic ideas of the day. It is important, however, that the subject should be not too lightly taken in hand, and by an investigator duly qualified. Some light surely would be thrown on human nature, on the course of events, and the difference of the sexes, if one could clearly understand why the female bonnet has dwindled, almost within the memory of man, from the size and shape of a colossal coal-scuttle to dimensions exceeded by the milliner's bill, while the male cylinder has altered but a few barleycorns in height or brim for the same period. As it is we say at present in vain —

'Tell me, where is 'fashion' bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?'

And we are quite in the dark as to why the incalculable balloon skirt suddenly sinks conically down into the shape of a *datura* flower or penny trumpet, and as to what connection may exist between the modern pantaloons and the emancipation of the ten-pound householder, Comte's 'Positivism' and Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.'

Democracy has no doubt much to answer for, but we must pause before we place the swallow-tail coat on its shoulders.

Needlework or embroidery was practised in the earliest times of which we have any record. Aholiab receives special notice in Exodus as the great embroiderer in blue; the web of Penelope needs no mention, and of the mother of Nausicaa, Homer tells us —

'Ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ ἦστο, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξὶν
ἤλακατα στρωφῶσ' ἀλιπόρφυρα.'

In the middle ages no queen or lady of a great chief of feudalism disdained to train up her daughters in the dexterous use of the needle. But lace is a modern invention, and comprises the three divisions of cut-work, lace, and guipure. Cut-work, or open-work embroidery, was the parent of lace. Lace is defined to be a plain or ornamental network, wrought of threads of gold, silver, silk, flax, or cotton interwoven; as for defining 'guipure' the thing appears to be impossible, the feminine mind having fluctuated very considerably as to the distinctive qualities to be demanded of a well constituted 'guipure.' In its early stage it was considered that it ought to be made of twisted silk and 'cartisane,' which latter was a little strip of vellum forming a raised pattern, but the nature of guipure has so changed that Mrs. Palliser herself asks in despair, 'How is the word now to be defined or circumscribed?'

The Italians, who invented forks, and who set the fashion for all Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, lay claim also to the invention of point or needle-made lace. Writers on lace are not, however, agreed as to whether the art of fine needlework is of Byzantine origin, and introduced into Italy by the Greeks of the Lower Empire, or whether it was learnt from the Saracens of Sicily, just as the Spaniards are said to have caught it from the Moors. Those who advocate the latter opinion rely on the fact that the verb for embroidery is of Moorish origin both in Italian and Spanish, 'Ricamare,' 'Ricamar,' being the two forms of the word in question. Be this as it may, the lace fabric existed in Italy in the fifteenth century, as is proved by a document of the Sforza family, dated 1493. The Florentine poet, Firenzuola, who wrote between 1520 and 1530, composed an elegy upon a collar of laced point made by the fingers of his mistress:

'Questo collar scolpi la donna mia
Di basso rilevar ch' Aracne mai
E chi la vinsi nol faria più bello.'

The pictures also of Carpaccio and Bellini show evidence of the existence of white lace or passament in 1500.

Venice indeed, as in most other points of fashion of that time, when all fine gentlemen thought it indispensable to have 'swum in a gondola,' took the lead. Venice point, however, which must have formed an exasperating item for husbands among the expenses of a lady's toilette in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is manufactured no more. In Mrs. Palliser's book are to be found beautiful specimens of its rich texture, resembling elegantly carved marble or ivory, in patterns of a kaleidoscope and geometrical fashion, or of the elaborate tracery of the Renaissance period. Genoa also was famous for its point lace, and Saint Simon informs us that a certain Madame de Puisieux consumed Genoa point to the amount of 200,000 crowns (20,000*l.*) in one year, while Tallemant des Réaux, taking advantage of her reputation, says the same lady eat *point coupé* to an unlimited extent.

Spanish point was as famous in its day as that of Flanders or Italy. Thread lace was manufactured in Spain as early as 1492, for a lace alb in which the late Cardinal Wiseman once officiated, and valued at 10,000 crowns, is preserved in the Cathedral of Granada, memorable as being presented to the Church by Ferdinand and Isabella.*

In the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830 an enormous quantity of Spanish point was thrown upon the market, the exquisite workmanship of nuns, who, regardless of time, would expend all the skill of their needles on vestments destined for pious uses.

The manufacture of silk lace or blonde is now carried on principally at Almagro in La Mancha, and occupies from 12,000 to 13,000 people. The principal article of manufacture is, of course, the national '*mantilla*,' which is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. There are three kinds of '*mantillas*.' That of white blonde, suiting ill with the complexion of the olive-faced ladies of Spain, and only used on state occasions, birthdays, and bull-fights on Easter Mondays. That of black blonde, trimmed with deep lace, and the '*mantilla de tiro*,' for ordinary wear, made of black silk trimmed with velvet. The black blonde of Spain, however, does not equal that of Chantilly.

Flanders disputes with Italy the glory of the invention of lace. Baron Reiffenberg

declares that lace cornettes or caps were worn in that country as early as the fourteenth century. Pillow lace, at all events, was first made in the Low Countries. In a side chapel of the choir of St. Peter's at Louvain is an altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, of the date 1495, in which a girl is making lace with bobbins on a pillow similar to those of the present day. The lace manufacture of Flanders supported itself better amid the horrors of the atrocious religious persecutions of the Duke of Alva than any of the other noted fabrics of the Netherlands—the great cradle of modern industry. Every country in Northern Europe, France with the exception of Alençon, Germany, and England learned the art of lace-making from Flanders.

'For lace let Flanders bear away the belle,'

says Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the line holds good still amid all the vicissitudes of commerce, and in spite of the close rivalry which now besets it in the Point d'Alençon. The government, however, took fright when the manufacture of Point de France was established by Colbert, and attracted numbers of lace-making emigrants to this country. An Act was passed, dated Brussels, in 1698, threatening with punishment all who should entice the lace-workers across the frontiers.

Brussels lace, from the earliest days of the manufacture of the time, has, like the steel of Toledo, held a foremost reputation among its rivals. It has acquired the name of *Point d'Angleterre*, but this is a smuggled appellation. In 1662 the English Parliament, alarmed at the sums of money expended on foreign point, and desirous of protecting the English bone-lace manufacture, passed an Act prohibiting the importation of foreign lace. But the Court of Charles II., with its Bückinghams, Rochesters, and its fine ladies like Lady Castlemaine, who wore the finest smocks and linen petticoats laced with rich lace at the bottom 'that ever Pepys saw,' so that it did 'his heart' good 'to look at them,' must have its due supply of lace. Therefore the English lace-merchants first tried to set up manufactories of Brussels lace-workers in England; but failing in this through want of the proper flax, they adopted the more simple expedient of buying up the choicest laces of the Brussels mart and then smuggling them over to England and selling them under the false title of '*Point d'An-*

* Catherine of Aragon, according to tradition, introduced the art of making lace into Bedfordshire during her sojourn at Ampthill in 1531-33. She was

a great adept in the arts of the needle. Until quite lately the lace-makers kept 'Cattern's-day' as the holiday of their craft, in memory of the good Queen Catherine.

gleterre,' or English point, as though of home manufacture.

Of the rate at which lace was consumed at that day an idea may be formed by the account of the seizure of a smuggling ship with a cargo of 744,953 ells of lace, without reckoning handkerchiefs, collars, fichus, aprons, petticoats, fans, gloves, &c., all of the same material. The title 'Point de Bruxelles' then went out of fashion altogether, and 'Point d'Angleterre' took its place both in England and France.

The best Brussels lace is made only in Brussels:—

'The thread used in Brussels lace is of extraordinary fineness. It is made of flax grown at Brabant, at Hal, and Rebecq Rognon. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break; so fine is it as almost to escape the sight. The feel of the thread as it passes through the fingers is the surest guide. The thread-spinner closely examines every inch drawn from her distaff; and when any inequality occurs, stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial help is given to the eye. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy, and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionately high.

'It is the fineness of the thread which renders the real Brussels ground called *vrai réseau* so costly. The difficulty of procuring this fine thread at any cost prevented the art being established in other countries.'

In 1787, Lord Gordon, a Scotch Lord of Session, who was seized with the passion of the day for improving all sorts of British manufactures, writes:—

'This day I bought you ruffles, and some beautiful Brussels lace, the most light and costly of manufactures. I had entertained, as I now suspect, a vain ambition to attempt the introduction of it into my humble parish in Scotland; but on inquiry I was discouraged. The thread is of so exquisite a fineness they cannot make it in this country. It is brought from Cambray and Valenciennes, in French Flanders; and five or six different artists are employed to form the nice part of this fabric, so that it is a complicated art which cannot be transplanted without a passion as strong as mine for manufactures, and a purse much stronger. At Brussels, *from one pound of flax alone they can manufacture to the value of 700l. sterling.*'

After this, one may, with Mrs. Palliser, quote Spenser's line—

'More subtle web Arachne cannot spin.'

There were formerly two kinds of ground

in Brussels lace, the *bride* and the *réseau*. 'Angleterre à bride,' however, was discontinued a century back.

Brussels lace had, nevertheless, one great fault—from being so much manipulated in the manufacture by the hands of the workers it acquired a reddish-yellow hue. In order to obviate this defect the workwoman powders the flowers, previously to sewing them on, with white lead. However, even a taste for discoloured lace was prevalent in the last century, and our grandmothers, when not satisfied as to the richness of discolouration, 'rewashed their lace in coffee.'

The pattern of Brussels lace has always followed the fashion of the day. The most ancient examples of Brussels lace are in the Gothic style of ornament, and changed from this to the flowing artificial style of the last century; after passing through the '*genre fleuri*,' of the First Empire, the patterns of Brussels lace now follow nature and become every year more truly artistic.

Mechlin lace, however, to which Napoleon compared the spire of Antwerp Cathedral, is the prettiest of laces, as Brussels is the most beautiful. Its distinguishing feature is the flat thread which forms the flower and gives the lace the character of embroidery, hence sometimes called '*broderie de Malines*.' The manufacture of it, however, has long been on the decline.

Mechlin is essentially a summer lace, being charming when worn over colour. It was in great favour in the last century. George I. wore Mechlin cravats. Of the beau of 1727, we read—

'Right Macklin must twist round his bosom and wrists.'

Swift writes—

'Now to another scene give place;
Enter the folks with silk and lace,
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right India this, right Macklin that.'

In 'Roderick Random' the fops, naval and military, of the day have their hair powdered with *maréchal*, and wear cambrie shirts with Malines lace 'dyed with coffee-grounds.'

Lady Wortley Montague writes of an incipient lover—

'With eager bent his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves.'

We pass over the other Flemish towns to arrive at France, which has since the decline of Venice always set the fashion in dress, and now, in the opinion of some, rivals Brussels in lace-manufacture.

After its first period of servile Italian imitation, which lasted up to the time of the

last Valois, France boldly struck out a line of fashion of its own, and made one of the most astounding of all human inventions in dress, the ruff or *fraise*, so called from its fancied resemblance to the caul or frill of a calf. In Ulpian Fullwell's 'Interlude' (1568), Michael Newfangle says —

'I learned to make gowns with long sleeves and wings,
I learned to make ruffs like calves' chitterlings.'

Henry II., who had a scar on his neck, was the first to place this eccentric platform of lace under the chin, which made him and his courtiers, who immediately followed suit, look each like a John the Baptist's head placed on a charger.

Henry III. and his '*mignons frisés et fraisés*' carried the ruff to the extremest point. This woman-fop among monarchs, who dressed himself with such hermaphrodite extravagance that you could not tell of which sex he was, bestowed especial pains on his ruff. He adjusted the plaits with poking-sticks with his own hand. In the '*Satyre Menippée*' he is the '*Goudronneur des collets de sa femme*.'

By 1579 ruffs had grown prodigiously. Ladies, as all know, took to them, and would not be behind the men. It is said of the Reine Margot that, when seated at dinner, she was obliged to have a spoon with a handle two feet long for the purpose of passing her soup over her ruff, and preserving it rigid and immaculate. They were made so stiffened that they cracked like paper. The ruff naturally was a subject for sarcasm and caricature. Thus in 1579, Henry III., in his *fraise* at the fair of St. Germain, was met by a band of students — as saucy as Paris students have ever been at Carnival times — with immoderate ruffs of paper, and crying out '*A la fraise on comait le veau*.' And these young fellows were sent to prison for their pleasantries.

The history of the ruff may here be completed by an account of its destiny in England. The ruff — the small Spanish ruff — appeared round the necks of people in the reign of Philip and Mary, whose effigies on the great seal have ruffs round their necks, and little ruffs or ruffles round their wrists. But the apogee of the ruff was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose ruff was of stupendous magnificence. 'Clear starching' came in most opportunely to the support of the dignity of the ruff. It was imported from Flanders, and Madame Dinghen van der Plasse came over with her husband to London from Flanders 'for their better safeties,' as Stowe says; that is, to escape

from the bonfires of the Duke of Alva; and made a fortune by clear-starching ruffs. She took pupils, and was much patronised by the court dandies of the time: but vulgar people looked on the lady as something worse than a witch, and called her clear-starch mixture 'devil's broth.'

The wearer of the ruff was in a state of ceaseless agony lest its fine inflexibility should be broken, and its bewired and starched circumference should have a fall. The Elizabethan fop drew back from all who approached too near, crying —

'Not so close, thy breath will draw my ruff.'

The chief utensil for keeping ruffs in order was the 'poking-stick of steel,' which Autolycus had among his wares. By the aid of the poking-stick heated in the fire the folds of the ruffs were ironed into the precise symmetry which was the glory of the Elizabethan exquisite. Their use began about 1576, according to Stowe, and in the accounts of Elizabeth we find she paid in 1592 to her blacksmith, one Thomas Larkin, 'pro 2 de lez setting sticks ad 2s. 6d.,' the sum of 5s. Under the fostering care of starch and poking-sticks the ruff shot out to the length of 'a quarter of a yard.' This vast structure of gauze was called in England 'the French ruff,' while the French retaliated and called it the 'English monster.'

Queen Elizabeth, who had a yellow throat, wore the highest and stiffest ruff in Europe, with the exception of the Queen of Navarre. Her ruffs were made of the finest cut-work, enriched with gold, silver, and even precious stones. She used up endless yards of cut-work, purple, needlework lace, bone lace of gold, of silver, enriched with pearls, and bugles and spangles, in the fabrication of her 'three-piled ruff.' But she sternly refused such license to her people, as is well known, by ordering grave citizens to stand at the gates of the city and lay hands on the wearers of all ruffs beyond a certain length, in order to cut them down to dimensions decent in a subject.

The ruff, after a little knocking about, or after exposure to a little rain or wind, became a pitiable object. Philip Stubbs, in his '*Anatomy of Abuses*,' says, 'If Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazie bark of their bruised ruffles, then they go flip flap in the wind like ragges that flew abroad, lying on their shoulders like the disclout of a slut. But wot ye what? the devill as he in the fulness of his malice first invented these great ruffs, &c.'

To return to France. The ruff gave place, in the men, to the '*rabat*,' the '*col ra-*

battu, or turn-down collar of lace, while the ladies took to the vast '*colletterie*,' to be seen in the pictures of Rubens rising like a gigantic fan or amphitheatre behind the head of Marie de Medicis. To make amends, however, for the diminution of lace in their neck investments, men fringed the tops of their boots and their garters with this costly fabric, and wore roses of lace on the shoes. Our James I. refused to wear these rosette-trimmed shoes when first brought him, and asked 'If they wanted to make a ruffe-footed dove of him.' Later a still more extravagant and absurd use of lace was made in the 'canons,' or lace hangings from the knee half-way down the calf; and in the picture at Versailles representing the interview of Louis XIV. with Philip IV. in the Isle of Pheasants, the Great Monarch wears a prodigious pair of 'canons,' each as large as a baby's shirt, dependent from either knee. These cost sometimes seven thousand livres a pair. 'At the Court of France,' writes Savinière, 'people think nothing of buying rabats, manchettes, or canons, to the value of thirteen thousand crowns.' The quantity of money which thus passed out of the country was very great. Sumptuary edicts had been issued again and again to prevent the importation of foreign points, when Colbert bethought him of endeavouring to rival the coveted points of Italy and Flanders by establishing lace manufacture in France. Colbert's manufactories were successful, and '*Point de France*' supplanted that of Venice, and held such rivalry even with the lace of Mechlin, that Young, later, speaking of French lace by the name of Colberteen, says:—

'And if dispute of empire rise between
Mechlin, the Queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt, 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.'

To stand well in the good graces of the King and his ministers, the courtiers and their ladies lavished *Point de France* on every article of dress or chamber furniture on which it could be stitched; and even in churches it appeared hanging from pulpits, and fringing albs and altar-clothes. The vallances, pillows, and coverlets of beds, were decked with lace; an example followed so faithfully by England, that in 1763, on the baptism of the late Duke of York, the Queen received the company in a splendid bed, the counterpane of which cost in lace alone 3783*l.* sterling. Moreover, jupes, corsets, mantles, aprons with their bibs, shoes, gloves, and even fans, were trimmed now with '*Point de France*.' Louis was so proud

of his fabric, that he presented cravats and ruffles of the finest point to the Siamese Ambassadors; which probably was another instance of giving 'ruffles to men without shirts.'

Mademoiselle de Fontanges first set the fashion of wearing lace in the head-dress. In the heat of the chase the locks of the royal favourite broke loose from the ribbon which bound them; and the fair huntress instantly improvised a *coiffure* with her lace handkerchief, which enraptured the King, who begged her to retain it for the night at court. The new head-dress made a great sensation, and next day all the ladies of the court appeared '*coiffées à la Fontanges*.'

This '*coiffure*,' called in England the '*commode*,' subsequently grew into towering dimensions.

The Steenkerk cravat also, as our readers know, owed its origin to an improvisation, as the young French Princes of the Blood dashed into action at the battle of that name, not tying their cravat in the usual elaborate fashion, but twisting it and looping it up on one side of the breast in a button-hole of the coat. Every man and woman of fashion who respected themselves wore subsequently the Steenkerk tie.

The doll of fashion ought not to be overlooked in treating of these times. There were no ladies' journals of fashion in those days, and at each change of costume two dolls were dressed up at the Hôtel Rambouillet; called, aptly and wittily enough, the one, '*la grande Pandore*,' in '*grande tenue*'; the other, '*la petite Pandore*,' in morning dishabille. The custom of dressing up a doll as a model of fashion originated at Venice, where at the annual fair in the Piazza of St. Mark a doll was exposed in a conspicuous place to set the style of dress for the year. Later Henry IV. sent Marie de Medicis, before their marriage, some such dolls, to show her the French fashions; and Mercier, in his '*Tableau de Paris*,' celebrates with emphasis the '*poupée de la rue Saint Honoré*.' 'C'est de Paris que les profondes inventions en modes donnent les loix à l'univers. La fameuse poupée, le mannequin précieux, affublé des modes les plus nouvelles, passe de Paris à Londres tous les mois et va de là répandre ses grâces dans toute l'Europe. Il va au Nord et au Midi, il pénètre à Constantinople et à Pétersbourg, et le pli qu'a donné une main française se répète chez toutes les nations, humbles observateurs du goût de la rue Saint Honoré.'

The reign of Louis XV. gave a fresh character to the dominion of lace both in men and women. This was the period of

the domination of the *jabot*, of the *manchettes*, and weeping-ruffles, in that age of butterfly *abbés*, chevaliers, and red-heeled *grands seigneurs*, with their ribbons on their shoulders (called by the English fallals), their gold laced coats of velvet and satin, their white perriques, and their gold embroidered waistcoats of satin, their swords and amber-headed canes. The ruffles gave rise to endless imputations against the Parisians. Mercier says the Parisians bought four pairs of ruffles for one shirt. 'Un beau Monsieur se met une chemise blanche tous les quinze jours. Il coud ses manchettes sur une chemise sale.' Grisettes at this time besieged travellers in their hotels in Paris with their baskets of ruffles and jabots of Malines, Angleterre, and point lace. Sterne could not fail to meet with a lace seller in his 'Sentimental Journey.' All classes wore ruffles, and some possessed enormous supplies. The Archbishop of Cambrai had four dozen pairs of ruffles, Louis XVI., in 1792, fifty-nine pairs, and even the executioner mounted the scaffold to perform his *hautes œuvres* in a velvet suit, powdered, with point lace jabot and ruffles. Valets both in England and France wore gold and silver rings and lace ruffles. The 'Connoisseur' complains of 'roast beef being banished from even "down stairs," because the powdered footmen will not touch it for fear of daubing their lace ruffles.' 'Queen Anne, who was,' Mrs. Palliser says, 'a great martinet in trifles,' whose taste for things domestic is still memorialised in dishes made after Queen Anne's fashion, had her servants marshalled before her every day, that she might see if their ruffles were clean and their periwigs dressed. The state liveries of Victoria, with their gold embroidery, were, it may be interesting to know, made in the early part of George II.'s reign. These dresses had originally ruffles of the richest '*gros Point de France*,' of the same epoch as the garments, but the ruffles appeared for the last time in the Court balls of 1848, contemporaneously with the last great explosion of European democracy.

The extravagance of the ladies in the matter of lace far surpassed that of the men. Madame de Créquy visited the Duchess Douairière de la Ferté, and found her lying under a coverlet made of *Point de Venise* of one piece. 'The trimming of her sheets was of *Point d'Angleterre*, and worth, I am persuaded, 40,000 crowns.'

The lace part of the trousseau of Madame, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., cost 25,000*l*. Five thousand pounds' worth of lace, linen, &c., was a common item of a *trousseau* of a lady in those days. And eti-

quette, it must be added, established that lace should not be worn in mourning. Etiquette, however, and the sway of lace, received its first and deadliest blow from the fair hands of Marie Antoinette, who laughed all Court traditions to scorn, and in the matter of lace, as in more serious things, unconsciously did the work of democracy.

The heavy old point lace was supplanted by the finest Indian muslin. 'Madame Etiquette' might be indignant, the Maréchal de Luxembourg might declare the ladies in their muslins looked 'like cooks and convent porters,' and might send by way of protest to her granddaughter, the Duchesse de Lauzun, an apron of sailcloth, trimmed with fine point, together with six *ficulus* of the same character, but the reign of lace, nevertheless, was in hopeless decrepitude; a struggle was made with the *barbe* or lappet, but it was no use, the age of flimsy and limp textures came in with *sensiblerie* and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the *toilettes* of the time were turned into veritable *cartes de tendre*. Robes were made of *soupirs étouffés*, trimmed with *regrets superflus*, pointed with '*candeur parfaite, garnie en plaintes indicibles*,' beribboned with '*attentions margées*.' Diamonds were banished from these sentimental regions, and degraded to the shoes, which were of '*cheveux de la reine*,' bejewelled with diamonds '*en coups perfides*,' and '*venez-y-voir*' in emeralds. The hair was arrayed '*en sentiments soutenus*;' caps were of '*conquête assurée*' trimmed with ribbons of '*œil abattu*,' and muffs were of '*agitation momentanée*.' The most potent proof of the disgrace of point at this period, is that in the bills of Mademoiselle Bertin, the Queen's milliner, lace forms an insignificant item. Blonde took its place—'Blond à fond d'Alençon semé à poix, à mouches.' The church alone protected the old fabrics. The Cardinal de Rohan still officiated at Versailles in a lace alb of 100,000 livres, and his assistants were afraid to touch so costly a raiment.

The French Revolution completed the work of Marie Antoinette, and was fatal to the lace trade. For twelve years the manufacture almost entirely ceased, and more than thirty different fabrics disappeared for ever. Napoleon however, in 1801, with his taste for the stately and the grand, took up the cause of lace once more, and under his patronage the fabrics of Alençon, Brussels, and Chantilly became again popular. Like Louis XIV., he made the wearing of his favourite points obligatory at the Tuileries. The heavy ancient style was discarded, a lighter and simpler fashion of lace

produced, while by an improvement in the *point de racroc*, several sections of lace were able to be joined together in one piece, and that could be accomplished in a month which formerly occupied a year. The beauty and costliness of the laces made for the marriage of Marie Louise have never been surpassed, and to reproduce them now would cost above a million of francs. Napoleon was indeed a great lover of lace, and his sister, the Princess Pauline Borghese, we hear, '*s'est passionnée pour les dentelles*.' The *élegantes* of the day took up the taste of the Bonapartes, and Madame Récamier, when she was *souffrante*, received her guests *couchée* on a gilded bed, with bed-curtains of finest Brussels lace, bordered with garlands of honeysuckle, and lined with satin of the palest rose. The *couverpiéd* was of the same material, and '*des flots de Valenciennes*' descended from the pillow of embroidered cambric.

Lace, however, received another fatal shock by the invention of bobbin-net and tulle and machinery in 1818, and only after fifteen years of desperate struggle succeeded in maintaining its place; since 1834, however, its manufacture has been in full activity.

As to the time in which lace first appeared in England antiquaries are in much doubt. The Act of 3 Edw. IV. c. 4, 1463, prohibits, among other things, the importation of 'laces,' but this does not appear to have signified what we now mean by lace. These laces of silk and gold, and laces of thread, were nothing more than braids or cords. Cut-work, however, unmistakably appears in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and veritable lace in the Church inventories as early as 1554.

In a sumptuary law of Queen Mary, ruffles made out of England are forbidden to any one under the degree of a baron, and all wreath lace or passament lace of gold and silver with sleeves, partlet, or linen trimmed with purl of gold and silver, or white-works, *alias* cut-works, &c., to any lady beneath the dignity of a knight's wife. Lace was called indifferently purl, passament, or bone-work, the last appellation being derived from the bone pins used in the manufacture. Shakespeare in 'Twelfth Night,' has —

'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bone.'

'Bone' lace appears constantly in the wardrobe accounts, while bobbin lace, which is different, is of less frequent occurrence.

Among Queen Elizabeth's New Year

gifts was one from Lady Paget, of a 'petticoat of cloth of gold, stayned black and white, with a *bone lace* of gold and spangles like the wayves of the sea.'

In the plays of the seventeenth century the term constantly appears. A pert sempstress cries, in Green's 'Tu quoque,'—

'Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bone lace, mistress.'

Massinger writes,—

'You taught her to make shirts and bone lace.'

In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Loveless describes a thrifty housewife thus:—

'She cuts cambric to a thread, weaves bone lace, and quilts balls admirably.'

And the term continued to be used nearly to the end of the last century.

Up to the days of Elizabeth, all mention of lace is scanty, but suddenly in the Privy Expenses, and the inventories of New Year's gifts, notices of passaments, drawn-work, cut-work, crown lace, bone lace for ruffs, Spanish chain, byas, parchment, hollow, billament, and diamond lace, crowd upon us with astounding rapidity. It was sold in the general shops or stores of provincial towns, together with pepper, horn-books, sugar-candy, and spangles.

The wardrobe accounts of Elizabeth are drawn up in Latin, which is not without its charm, if not precisely Ciceronian; a very little will suffice for a purist in that language. Here is a specimen:—

'Eidem pro 6 caulis alb' nodat' opat' cu' le chainestich et legat' cu' tape de filo soror ad 14s. 4l. 4s.

Which means, being interpreted, —

Ditto for six caules of white knot-work worked with the chainstitch bound with tape of sister's (nun's) thread at 14s. 4l. 4s.

A lady who left 3000 gowns behind her was not likely to be very economical in lace; and cut-work, elegantly called *opus scissum*, by the keeper of the Great Wardrobe, was used by Elizabeth without stint. She wore it on her ruffs, 'with lilies of the like, set with small seed pearl, on her doublets, 'flourished with squares of silver owes,' on her forepart of lawn, 'flourished with silver and spangles,' on her cushion cloths, her veils, her tooth-cloths, her smocks, and her night-caps. Elizabeth, in one of these night-caps at the window, it was the good fortune of young Gilbert Talbot, son of Lord Shrewsbury, to see while he was walking in the tilt-yard. The Queen gave him

a slap on the forehead that evening, and told her chamberlain that the young man had seen 'her unready, and in her night stuff,' and how ashamed she was thereof.

The Queen had a great passion for foreign articles of wear. The new purchases of Mary Queen of Scots were overhauled on their way to her prison, and Elizabeth purloined whatever she had a fancy for. Cecil penned a wary letter to Sir Henry Norris, saying that 'the Queen's Majesty would fain have a tailor that has skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner,' and his lady wife 'is to get one private without the knowledge coming to the ears of Catherine de Medicis, as she does not want to be behelden to her.'

Laced handkerchiefs now first came into fashion. 'Maydes and gentlewomen,' writes Stowe, 'gave to their favourites, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs of about three or four inches square, wrought round about,' and with a button at each corner. They cost sixpence, twelpence, and sixteenpence, and gentlemen wore them on their hats as favours of their mistresses.

The laces of Flanders and Italy now easily held their own for nearly two centuries. On the death of Elizabeth, however, Queen Anne, the wife of James I., seems to have done what she could for the fabrics of the country. Nevertheless, her first appearance in England was somewhat humiliating. She had to make her *entrée* into public life in Elizabeth's old clothes. The Scotch wardrobe was too scanty and poor for the sudden demand upon it. James wisely enough communicated the fact to the Privy Council, who forthwith forwarded to the Queen by the hands of her newly-made ladies a quantity of Elizabeth's old gowns and ruffs wherewith to make a creditable appearance. But the young Queen was furious at thus being made to wear the second-hand clothes of the parchment-face, wrinkled queen who had just died, and she refused to appoint any of the ladies sent to her, with the exception of Lady Bedford.

Ruffs, single, double, three-piled, and 'Dædalian,' as a satirist calls them, went out with James I., though judges continued to wear them until the peruke came in. The 'falling-band' usurped the dignity of the ruff; and a 'fine clean fall,' says the Malcontent, 'if you should chance to fall asleep in the afternoon, had no need of a poking-stick to recover it.' Lord Keeper Finch is said to have been the first legal dignitary who had the strength of mind to adopt the 'falling-band.' And Whitelock; in 1635, in addressing the Quarter Sessions 'in a clean fall,' found it necessary to as-

sert 'that one may speak as good sense in a falling-band as in a ruff.' The 'falling-bands,' however, were not a whit less expensive, and the quantity of needlework purl expended on the King's hunting collars, 'colares pro venatione,' is astounding.

In the wardrobe accounts, 994 yards are proportioned to 12 collars and 24 pairs of cuffs; and the bills for the King's lace and linen rose from 1000*l.* in 1625, to 1500*l.* in 1633, when, in the State papers, a project may be found for reducing the charge for the King's lace and bone lace 'for his body' back to 1000*l.*, for which sum 'it may be very well done.'

The art of lace making was now flourishing in England, so that Henrietta Maria made constant presents of ribbon, lace, and other English feminine finery to her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria. But the

'Rebatoes, ribands, cuffs, ruffs, falls, Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,'

of the court of King Charles were soon to be scattered into space by the hurricane passions of civil and religious discord. Already lace, in its delicate susceptibility, had shown prophetic sympathies with coming events; for towards the end of James I.'s reign, a strange custom had been introduced by Puritan ladies of representing religious subjects, both in lace, cut-work, and embroidery on their vestments. Thus, in Jasper Mayne's 'City Match,' we have—

'She works religious petticoats; for flowers,
She'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pious instructor.'

The Scotch went to bed in sheets of holy work, for we find in a Scotch inventory of the seventeenth century, 'Of Holland scheittes ii pair, quhareof 1 pair schewit (sewed) with holie work.'

Ladies, under the tyranny of Puritan severity, must lay aside their whisks, or gorget collars, and no longer hie to Saint Martin's for lace. Their smocks of three pounds apiece must be suppressed, and

'Sempsters with ruffs and cuffs, and quoifs and
cauls,
And falls'

must be content to turn the use of their needles to more godly fashions. 'Lace to her smocks—broad seaming laces,' groans a Puritan writer; 'it is horrible to think of.'

The lace makers consequently had a melancholy existence, when the Maypole was

suppressed and 'the hobby-horse was forgot.' Village festivals and love-locks and gay attire had the same fate as bear-baiting; nevertheless it was principally the middle and lower classes who submitted to the tyranny of Puritan austerity. These sober-suited people thought, with Sir Toby Belch, that it was 'not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan;' but the great ladies of the Puritan party loved not the Roundhead fashions any more than the wives of the Cavaliers. Even the mother of Cromwell wore a handkerchief of which the broad point lace alone could be seen, and her green velvet cardinal was edged with broad gold lace; and the body of the great Protector — austere as he was in life in dress — was arrayed after death in purple velvet, ermine, and the richest Flanders lace, and his effigy, carved by Symonds, had a plentiful adornment of point. In a political *jeu d'esprit* of the disbursements of the Committee of Public Safety, we have Lady Lambert put down for

'Item, seven new whisks lin'd with Flanders lace of the last edition, each whisk is valued at fifty pound, 350*l*.'

With the Restoration, the age of

'The dangling knee fringe and the bib-cravat,' lace once more had one of its sunniest epochs in the eyes of fashion; and Pepys, in 1662, could put on his 'new lace band' and say, 'so neat it is that I am resolved my great expenses shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more.' Charles II. in the last year of his reign spent 20*l*. 12*s*. for a new cravat to be worn on 'the birthday of his dear brother;' and James expended 29*l*. upon one of Venice point to appear in on that of his queen. When the last Stuart king died at Saint Germain, he died according to French etiquette, and, to please Louis XIV., in a laced nightcap. This cap was called a *toquet*. 'It was the Court etiquette,' writes Madame in her Memoirs, 'for all the Royals to die with a nightcap on.' This toquet of King James is now in the Museum of Dunkirk. Mary of Modena died also in like fashion, *coiffée* with the *toquet*.

William III., in spite of his grim phlegmatic character, had a genuine Dutch taste for lace, so that his bills for that article in 1695 reached the immense sum of 2459*l*. 19*s*.; thus almost doubling the lace extravagance of Charles I. Among the more astonishing items we have

	£.	s.	d.
'117 yards of "scissée tenise," cut-			
work for trimming 12 pocket-			
handkerchiefs	485	14	8
And 78 yds. for 24 cravats at 8 <i>l</i> . 10 <i>s</i> .	663	0	0

Lace expended for six new razor-cloths amounted to 270*l*., and 499*l*. 10*s*. worth of lace was bestowed on twenty-four new night-shirts, '*indusii nocturnis*.' The Queen Mary approached but did not reach the King in lace expenditure; her lace bill for 1694 amounted to 1918*l*.

With respect to this age of heavy wigs and the laced Steenkerk cravat, many people possess among their family relics, Mrs. Palliser says, and as we have seen, long oval-shaped broaches of topaz or Bristol stone, and wonder what they were used for. These were for fastening the lace Steenkerk on one side of the breast when it was not passed through the buttonhole. Under such royal patronage the lace trade necessarily prospered, and Defoe quotes Blandford lace as selling ten years after William's death at 30*l*. the yard.

These were the days when young military heroes went to war in all the bravery of toilette they could muster; so that later, in the time of Louis XV., the young nobles of France sat for hours under the operations of their *valets* and *perruquiers* in front of their tents preparing their *toilette de guerre* with greater pains than the Graces ever bestowed upon Venus. Even Volunteers must go to camp properly equipped, as in Shadwell's play of the 'Volunteers or the Stockjobbers;' —

'Major-General Blunt. — What say'st, young fellow? Points and laces for camps?

'Sir Nicholas Danby. — Yes, points and laces. Why, I carry two laundresses on purpose. Would you have a gentleman go undress'd in a camp? Do you think I would see a camp if there were no dressing? Why, I have two campaign suits, one trimmed with Flanders lace and the other with net point.

'Major-General Blunt. — Camping suits with lace and point!'

'The hairpowder of the army,' an indignant writer observes at this period, 'would feed 600,000 persons per annum.' The 'World' regarded this expenditure of finery on men about to be food for powder in the same light as the silver plates and ornaments on a coffin. The gay young fellows 'would not sure be frightful when one's dead:' —

'To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trimm'd like females for the dance.'

Some years previous to this epoch, in 1664, the Turkish Vizier, Achmet Kiupriliogli, seeing the young French noblesse defile on the plains of Hungary in order of battle, in all the bravery of satin, with their white perruques, and all their ribbons and lace fringes fluttering like fine feathers in

the wind, exclaimed, 'Who are these young girls?' Soon after, in one irresistible charge, the young ladies broke up the ranks of his terrible Janissaries, and changed disaster into victory.

Even in Sheridan's time the hearts of young ladies at home, like that of the Justice's daughter in 'St. Patrick's Day,' melted at imagination of the hardships of young warriors in their gay attire:—

'Dear, to think how the sweet fellows sleep upon the ground and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.'

Queen Anne's reign appears to have been illustrated principally by the invention of 'Pinnars doubled-ruffled, with twelve plaits of a side: the hair being frizzled all around the head, and standing as stiff as a bodkin.' 'The prettiest fashion lately come over! so easy, so French, and all that,' as Parley says in Farquhar's 'Sir Harry Wildair.' The 'commode' or Fontange's coiffure, too, met with a fall under her dynasty, sinking all of a sudden like the funds in time of revolution. These had, indeed shot up to such a height that the wits declared the ladies carried Bow steeples upon their heads; and Addison declared that men looked like mere grasshoppers before the towering majesty of the female species.

Lace, moreover, met with a very treacherous rival in china, a mania for which now set in; the ladies, having coaxed their lords into generosity for the respectable old investment in lace, would surreptitiously barter their Flanders lace for punch-bowls and mandarins. 'So that a husband,' Addison tells us, 'was often purchasing a large china vase, when he fancied he was giving his wife a new head-dress;' 'but,' as Mrs. Palliser observes, with womanly spirit, 'husbands could scarcely grumble, when a good wig cost forty guineas, to say nothing of male lace ties and ruffles.'

The accession of the House of Hanover did nothing to derange the steady dominion which lace now had fixed upon the male and female mind. Although Lord Bolingbroke so enraged Queen Anne by his untidy dress, that 'she supposed, forsooth, he would some day come to Court in his night-cap,' yet he neglected not to have his cravat of point lace, and his weeping ruffles depended from his wrists. In England these ruffles were said to serve for passing Jacobite notes, '*poulets*,' from one rebel to another. In France, alas! sharpers found them convenient for cheating at cards. The passion for lace was so great in the time of the first two Georges, that satirists railed against it as if it were a thing unknown to their fore-

fathers; an indignant dramatist writes churlishly in 'Tunbridge Wells':—

'Since your fantastical geers came in, with wires, ribbons, and laces, and your furbelow, with 300 yards in a gown and petticoat, there has not been a good housewife in the nation.'

Swift says that the ladies did then nothing so much as

'Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.'

Again, in his very flattering advice to a young lady, he asserts

'And when you are among yourselves, how naturally after the first compliments do you entertain yourselves with the price and choice of lace, apply your hands to each other's lappets and ruffles, as if the whole business of your life depended on the cut of your petticoats.'

Ladies' maids found the bribe of a bit of Flanders irresistible from their mistress's lover. In the 'Recruiting Officer,' we have this piece of dialogue between Lucy the maid and Melinda:—

'Lucy.—Indeed, madam, the best bribe I had from the captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

'Melinda.—Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from officers. . . . They every year bring over a cargo of lace to cheat the King of his duty and his subjects of their honesty.'

Indeed, the very appearance of beauty in lace and distress had something so indescribably touching in it, that even jurors at the Old Bailey were moved to tears by the agitations of the elegantly-laced stomacher, lace flounces and weeping ruffles of pretty Miss Margaret Caroline Rudd, when standing at the bar for forgery. The triumph of lace, however, was incomplete, for she was hanged in spite of ruffles, flounces, and stomacher.

The 'Connoisseur' evidently thought the spirit of gambling could go no further in a lady, if she staked her lace:—

'The lady played till all her ready money was gone, staked her cap and lost it, afterwards her handkerchief. He then staked both cap and handkerchief against her tucker, which, to his pique, she gained.'

Ladies, however, not only recklessly gambled their lace, but they smuggled it whenever they could themselves, and encouraged others to do it for them. They defied the laws, and cheated the King's customs shamefully, and without scruple.

In vain, from 1700 downwards, were edicts issued prohibiting entirely the import

of foreign lace, for the protection of home manufacture. Ladies of rank were stopped in their chairs in Fleet Street or Covent Garden, and relieved by the officers of the customs of French lace to which they could not show a satisfactory title. Even ladies, when walking, had their mittens cut off their hands, if supposed of French manufacture; and a poor woman was stopped with a quarter loaf in her hands, which, when examined, contained 200*l.* worth of lace inside the crust. In 1767, an officer of the customs seized 400*l.* worth of Flanders lace artfully concealed in the hollow of a ship's buoy. Everybody smuggled; yet, if you got your lace safely through Dover, you might have it seized at Southwark, as a gentleman of the Spanish embassy found to his cost, who was relieved in that suburb of thirty-six dozen shirts with fine Dresden ruffles and jabots, and endless lace in pieces for ladies' wear.

The officers of the customs were very zealous, and had spies ever on the watch; warned by experience, they neither respected the sanctity of coffin or corpse coming across the channel. Even his Grace the Duke of Devonshire was, after death, poked into at Dover with a stick, to the disgust of his servants, to make sure that he was real. Forty years indeed before that, the body of a deceased clergyman was found to have been replaced by a bulk of Flanders lace of immense value. The smugglers had cut away the trunk from the head and hands and feet, and removed it; and the discovery of this trick caused the ignominious treatment of the body of the Duke of Devonshire. Nevertheless, the High Sheriff of Westminster ran comfortably 6000*l.* worth of French lace in the coffin of Bishop Atterbury, who died in Paris, when he was brought over, counting probably on a dead Bishop inspiring more awe than a deceased Duke.

At the close of the last French war smuggling had a very lively existence, and travelling carriages and mail-coaches were rifled on the London and Dover road without mercy, and generally with little effect.

Mrs. Palliser has in her possession a Brussels veil of great beauty, which had a narrow escape from the custom-house officers at this time. It belonged to a lady who was wife of a Member of one of the Cinque Ports. The day after an election she was to start with her husband for London. When at a dinner-party, she heard in the course of conversation that Lady Ellenborough, wife of the Lord Chief Justice, had been stopped near Dover, and a quantity of valuable lace concealed in the

lining of her carriage taken from her. The owner of the Brussels veil, having just bought it of a smuggler for a hundred guineas, took fright for her purchase, and confided her distress to her neighbour at table, who, being an unmarried gentleman, offered to take charge of it to London, saying, 'No one would suspect a bachelor.' Happening to turn round she observed a waiter smile, and putting him down at once for a spy, she graciously accepted the offer in a loud tone of voice; but that night she had the veil sewed up in the back of her husband's waistcoat, and got it safe through, while the custom-house officers rigorously, ruthlessly, and desperately overhauled her unfortunate bachelor friend and his baggage *en route* behind her at every town.

The discredit into which lace fell at the French Revolution communicated itself to England, and India gauze and transparent muslins likewise usurped its place here. Only at court, at such state occasions as the marriage of the Princess Caroline of Wales, in 1795, did it still maintain its old supremacy; but it disappeared from the costumes of all classes. The rich lace which had cost thousands was stowed ignominiously away in old wardrobes and chests, given away to children to dress their dolls with, or bestowed on old dependants and servitors who were ignorant of its value. Some of these would simmer the fine coffee-coloured points, the delight of a past generation, in cauldrons to make them clean, and so reduce them to a pulp; and an old Scotch servant who had charge of her deceased mistress's wardrobe, on being asked by the legatees what had become of the old needle points of her lady, said, 'Deed it's a' there, 'cept a wheen auld dudds, black and ragged, I flinged in the fire.' This, indeed, was the martyr age of lace, but it came to an end, and in the last twenty years a passion for the old fabrics has arisen once more in England as well as France. Madame Camille, the celebrated Parisian dressmaker, was one of the first to bring back the taste to the old laces. Her husband arrived one morning with a huge basket of old soiled yellow lace, and a 'facture' of 1000 francs. The 'artiste' at first flew into a desperate passion at his expenditure, but reflection brought calmness and invention, and very soon the scissors of the fashionable *modiste* gave new vogue to the despised old tissues, and no toilette was complete '*sans les anciennes dentelles, garniture complète.*' The *dames du grand monde*, both English and French, took to hunting out old treasure-troves of the commodity, and chaperones on the blue benches at Almack's and elsewhere exchanged con-

fidences as to good luck in picking up point coupé, Alençon, or guipure. The late Lady Morgan and Lady Stepeny were among the first to take up the collecting mania, and quarrelled weekly about the relative merits of their points. While the late Duchess of Gloucester, who never gave in to the debased taste for blonde and muslin frippery, but preserved her collection entire, found herself one of the most envied ladies in Europe. The church lace of Italy, Spain, Germany, formed for some time an admirable preserve to those who were sagacious and enterprising enough to make search for it, and in remote districts, some spoil typifying the decay of old religious reverence is doubtless yet to be secured, although the main stores must be exhausted.

The present state of the manufacture of lace would of itself demand the space of an article. Those who visited the Universal Exhibition of 1867 could not fail to be struck with the surprising beauty and lightness, and the exquisite patterns of the productions of Brussels, in which flowers and foliage were displayed and intertwined with the most consummate grace, and a marvellous truthfulness to the forms of nature; while the magnificent robes of the more rigid and richer needlework of the *Point d'Alençon*, with its raised edges and borders worked round concealed horsehair to give it greater

stiffness, offered a grander and more gorgeous surface to the eye, though failing in the fine, floating, airy, vaporous grace of the Brussels manufacture. In comparison with these, the manufactures of other countries have a coarser second-rate character — although it grieves us to own this of the Honiton lace, of which beautiful examples were to be seen both in pattern and workmanship. Specimens, also, of Irish guipure had a richness and elegance truly remarkable. Lace is one of the most marvellous products of human industry, and on looking at these fairy tissues, produced by infinitesimal touches of labour, and long and ineffably delicate manipulation of the needle, one is struck with admiration of the profoundest character at seeing the victory of human hands in minuteness of toil, and in patience, over the insect wonders of the spider and the ant.

This graceful ornament of civilization has found a worthy historian in Mrs. Palliser, who has produced a book which will be found interesting alike to the antiquary and the lady of fashion — enriched with quotations and references in an abundance which leaves nothing to be desired by the curious — while the elegance of its designs and illustrations is sufficient to captivate the most fastidious taste.

From The New York Evening Post.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, THE BANKER-POET.

CHARLES SPRAGUE is now an octogenarian. He lives at the South End, in Boston, where he was born, and such is his strong local attachment and his love of home, that it is said he has not slept out of his native city for half a century. During that period of time he was the cashier of the Globe Bank, and a model officer, universally respected for his integrity, systematic attention to his duties, and cheerful, intelligent companionship. Educated in the excellent public schools of Boston, he cultivated a love of, and taste for, English literature, and his friends, Rev. Dr. Frothingham and Joseph T. Buckingham — the first his pastor — shared and sympathized in his critical enjoyment of the old English writers.

His Shakespeare ode is regarded as the best theatrical prize poem ever written; his poem on "Curiosity," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University in 1829, is an admirable exemplar of finished, spirited, and graceful heroic verse; his ode on the Cen-

tennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston reminds us of Dryden's happiest efforts, and his elegiac tributes and lyrics of affection are remarkable for melodious simplicity and genuine feeling. Mr. Sprague's life of late years has been secluded; but he is visited by the choicest spirits of Boston, and finds in a competence honorably earned, in the love of his grandchildren, and in his fine literary tastes, the most serene enjoyment. The following tribute to him appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August:

TO C. S. — BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

As the aroma thou hast bravely sung
Floats round some treasure of thy mother tongue,
And memory lures thee from the page awhile,
Let my fond greeting win a passing smile!

Though vanish landmarks of the hallowed past,
And few now linger where their lot was cast,
While kindred migrate like the tribes of old,
And children wander from the parent fold,
As if the world were one vast camp — ne'er still,
Whose fragile tents are reared and struck at will —

True as the oak to that one spot of earth
Which gives its strength and lofty honor birth,

Thy loyal soul no other prospect craves
Than the old hearthstone and the household
graves !

Enough for thee to feel the Sabbath air,
With touch benign, dispel the clouds of care ;
To meet the twilight — harbinger of rest,
With genial converse of some friendly guest,
Or, thoughtful, watch the golden sunset play
On the broad waters of thy native bay ;
In vain the starry pennons flaunting there
Wooded thee to older lands, and climes more fair ;
Content with paths thy infant gambols knew,
The grasp of hands to early friendship true ;
Nor for life's charm and blessing fain to roam
From their pure source — the atmosphere of
home.

Though crowds profane the old sequestered way
Where patient kine once homeward loved to stray,
And lofty structures now usurp the place
Our fathers' modest homesteads used to grace —
Though the frank aspect and benignant mien
My grandsire wore are there no longer seen —
Gone with his dwelling, on whose southern wall
Was left the impress of the Briton's hall,
Beneath whose arbor, on the garden side,
Plashed the low eddies of the lapsing tide ;
Where streets encroach upon the sea's domain,
And Fashion triumphs o'er the watery plain —
Gone with his sunny threshold's ample floor,
Where children played, and neighbors flocked
of yore,

While doves his daily largess came to greet,
And, fearless, pecked the kernels at his feet ;
Still thou art there ; thy kindred memories twine
Round the old haunts of love's deserted shrine ;
Oft have I followed with youth's votive eye
Thy step elastic as it flitted by ;
First of the living bards my boyhood knew,
Who from the heart his inspiration drew,
Untrained in schools of academic fame,
And with no title but a freeman's name.

Amid the frauds and follies of the mart,
With cheering presence and intrepid heart,
Above the lust of gain, yet prompt to wield
O'er humblest trusts thine honor's faithful shield ;
While, like the law that circling planets hold
Each to the orbit that it ranged of old,
Thy bright allegiance rounded, year by year,
The daily circuit of thy duty's sphere.
And when the sterile task at length was o'er,
And thou wert free on fancy's wing to soar,
With freshened zest how eager thou didst turn
Unto the "thoughts that breathe and words that
burn" !

Not the vague dreams of transcendental lore
Nor cold mosaics from a classic shore —
But the deep wells of "English undefiled,"
From Rydal's seer to Avon's peerless child.

Not thine the subtle fantasies of song
That to the minstrels of to-day belong,
But the chaste fervor of an earlier time,
When crystal grace informed the earnest rhyme :
Though coy thy muse, how buoyant is her flight !
Affection's tribute, art's serene delight ;

Whether she train the myriad lures that bind
The vagrant passion of the curious mind —
Exalt thy country, mourn thy cherished dead,
Or weave a garland for dear Shakespeare's head

Peace to thy age ! its tranquil joys prolong !
The ripe contentment of a child of song ;
By faith upheld, by filial love enshrined,
By wisdom guarded and by taste refined.

The opening line refers to his well-known
verses "To my Cigar." Of the local allusions
the *Boston Transcript* says :

"Old residents of the South End will recog-
nise the by-gone aspect of that section of our
city in the allusions to the old Tuckerman man-
sion, with its garden extending to the waters of
the Back Bay, now filled up and covered with
elegant mansions, — the dove-cotes, and Neck,
along which the cows came at sunset from their
suburban pasturage, and even the little black
circle on the wall that marked the passage of a
shot from the British camp in the Revolution,
— all of which, with many other local traits,
have disappeared, though the venerable poet
still lives amid the changed scenes of his birth-
place."

From The Spectator.

A FALL.

LEAVE him in peace (if Peace can rest
Unscathed by such a restless neighbour).
We come but on an empty quest,
An empty labour.

Leave him at peace. No feeblér light
Can pierce the shades that now surround him ;
Yet where man weakly strains for sight
God may have found him.

Leave him at peace. Perchance alone
(Who knows?) a sudden flash may waken
Thoughts of some fair thing once his own,
But now forsaken.

Ay, haply, fallen as he is,
Some higher hope he still may covet,
Gaze from the depths of his abyss
To heights above it ; —

Miss the strong heart that prompted him
To many a prize of high endeavour,
Miss all the glances, then but dim,
Now lost for ever ;

And at his nobler will's demands
For wages worthier of earning,
Toil on, outstretching piteous hands
Of speechless yearning,

Yet not to us. We may not lend,
Or he accept our frail assistance ;
But strive, upborne by one sole friend,
Through the drear distance.

He cannot reach his former seat,
Nor with this end will he have striven,
But to gain rest for weary feet,
And be forgiven.

H. S. S.

A HOUSE OF CARDS.

CHAPTER I.

WITH CLOSED DOORS.

CHANGE — very busy everywhere, and of course synonymous with improvement, — in men, morals, manners, architecture, drainage, and other interests of humanity — has not occupied itself particularly with Gray's-inn. The ghosts of the clients who carried their anxieties, their injuries, their projects, and their money thither, in the days long gone, and who emerged from either of the old gateways, leaving more or less of their respective burdens after them, might stroll about the old place very comfortably without suspecting from its appearance that time enough for their former existence to have been entirely forgotten in has elapsed. The ghosts of the lawyers of that by-gone period might look in upon their professional *remplacants* of to-day, and suffer no shock to their sensibilities through the undisciplined intrusion of change, so far as the surroundings and accessories of the place are concerned. Modern costume, regarded by the ghostly lawyers of the past, might indeed appear indecorous, wanting in primness and in *cachet* to the very verge of indecency; but though they must look in vain for powder and pigtail, they would not be disappointed in dust. The ancient rooms are still grimy; the wide staircases, the ponderous balusters, the quaint ornamentation of wall and ceiling, are grim and dreary as in the time when the ghosts attended punctually at office-hours. The big knobs, which ponderously finished off the wide staircases in the ghosts' time, and have been polished by the casual pressure of whole legions of hands long ago skeleton, and dissociated from all necessities of signing and sealing, are still in their sturdy, self-asserting places. Sparing have been the labours of the painter and the glazier; the ghosts may look in, if they please, through the small panes of ill-conditioned glass, set in the thick ugly wooden frame-work, through which they looked out, in the day of their flesh and their weariness, on the grave expanse of gravel and flagstone, surrounded by the tall dull houses, which form

the inner square. Perhaps the more elderly of the ghosts might not recognise the flock of pigeons which come every day to the grim and unpromising legal precincts, unlikely playground as it seems, and unproductive of crumbs of comfort; — no one appears to know when the feathered clients first came there *in forma pauperis*; they at least have never been plucked; but other change there is little or none. Still a strange air of solitude in the midst of a crowd sits upon the place; still the seclusion of concentrated attention, uninterrupted from without, is present there, though the air is full of the dull continuous sound of the roll and swell of life and movement in Holborn; still it needs an act of faith to believe in the near vicinity of anything so pleasant, so shady, and so suggestive of the possibility of leisure, not to say idleness, as the Gray's-inn gardens. The legal ghosts might walk there o' nights 'with mighty Verulam,' and in their rambles meet more ancient 'spirits by the way,' who would have some right to be discontented with the havoc and discourtesy of change. But these would be the old, old ghosts of all, the cowed monks who leased their chantry, the mansion of Portpoole, to 'certain students of the law,' and the Dennys and Grays of Wilton, in the Plantagenet days. Jacob Tonson might find his way about the place blindfold — if the expression may be permitted in speaking of a ghost — and, strolling into Holborn, find his father's trade still flourishing.

Almost as the old square is to-day, it was one bright morning many years ago. Years not so many as to give anybody the unparadoxably troublesome mental task of trying to supply 'local colouring,' and lose sight of modern appliances to which we have all become so accustomed that we take them for granted without a thought of their origin, as we take the penny-postage and the tax-gatherer; but a good number in the brief reckoning of human lives. It is needless to be particular about the date; it suffices to state that the oracular cry, 'Our young Queen and our old institutions,' had not yet been uttered, and therefore had not

been discovered to be equally popular and unmeaning; and the 'education' of the Conservative party had not been commenced. Society found something to talk about, however, then as now, and the period was interesting in its general and particular aspects. This story has nothing to do with either, beyond this brief indication of the time when it had its beginning in the private room of a solicitor, who occupied a spacious set of chambers in one of the dingiest and grimmest houses in Gray's-inn-square.

Mr. Eliot Foster did not harmonise in outward aspect with his chambers. Most probably, as he was no longer a young man, and as he had been for many years a hard-working man, with a numerous and important *clientèle*; as he knew a vast number of family affairs, including not a few family secrets, and implying manifold revelations of character—there were dark and dingy places in his mind, and corners full of ill-favoured rubbish and refuse. Such as terrible injustice, hatred, wrong, and vengeance; grasping avarice, pitilessness, and reckless use of power; evil, readily and quickly done, never to be undone or atoned for; and the hardly less terrible triumph of the evil-doer. When an experienced lawyer in large practice brings out of the storehouse of his memory things good and evil, the contemplation must be a strange and solemn exercise. Mr. Eliot Foster did not look like a man in the habit of airing his collection of skeletons; he was of comfortable and gentlemanlike aspect, and in his well-preserved, middle-aged estate, looked satisfied with the world in which he lived, and its treatment of him. Respectability, not of the high-and-dry, but of the average easy type, was evidently attributable to him; and not even in these modern days of suspicion, and the deserving of it, would any one dream of suspecting Mr. Eliot Foster of being anything but the irreproachably upright, sagacious, and prosperous man of business he looked. If there were anything of which one would have suspected Mr. Eliot Foster rather than knavery, that thing would certainly not have been sentiment. The eminently practical was to be discerned in his face, his figure, his attitudes, his habits, and his dress. A fair-complexioned, clean-shaven, light-haired, hazel-eyed man, with a rather aquiline nose—what there was of aquiline being real, not a touch of the vulture about it; a rather long upper-lip, and a well-cut mouth, with something in its expression which indicated that he might be melancholy when he was alone, but could not be more than 'very

cheerful' in society, not rising to the 'jolly' standard on any occasion. A man of slight, but well-built, active figure, with remarkably well-shaped feet, and hands of almost feminine beauty, but which did not offend by effeminacy; such was Mr. Eliot Foster in external appearance. Whether he would have struck the observer as the very model of all a solicitor in large and confidential business ought to be, would have largely depended upon the character and designs of the observer. A client coming to him with business perfectly above-board, and capable of enduring the most searching and painstaking investigation, business however complicated in its details, and involving no matter what responsibility and weight of consequences, would undoubtedly have felt that he was applying to the right man in the right place. Whereas, a client, tempted by Mr. Eliot Foster's reputation for ability and 'luck,' who brought him 'shady' business—anything which, in modern slang parlance, required to be 'pulled through by a fluke,' or that malevolence might stigmatise as 'dirty work'—would at once have recognised that the dingy chambers in Gray's-inn were not his congenial sphere by any means; and that, while great misfortunes, wrongs, or emergencies of fate or conduct might there address themselves with confidence, knavery requiring an accomplice had better take itself farther afield. That this man—so calm, so self-possessed in manner, so entirely given to the business of the hour, so admirable a disciplinarian that no young man aspiring to a rise in the profession of clerkhood could have a better recommendation than that he had been at Foster's, and only left to 'better himself'—could entertain a sentimental grievance, and, moreover, could suffer it to trouble him in business-hours, and even at the commencement of the day's routine, when his administrative faculties were in particular requisition, would have been discredited by the casual observer. But—and this concerned Mr. Eliot Foster more nearly, and afforded him more satisfaction in feeling perfectly assured of it—his intimate friends, his closest and most habitual associates, especially his clerks, would have derided such an idea as a hallucination, weak-minded in its conception, if not deliberately malicious in its design.

London, in its business sense, had been awake and stirring hours ago; London, in its fashionable sense, would soon be thinking of waking and stirring; and the clerks at Mr. Eliot Foster's—he did all his own business and pocketed all his own profits, partnership being unknown to him, as to

his father before him—were in the full activity of 'office-hours.' Noisy spluttering pens were going over paper and parchment with unpleasant sound; and the young gentlemen, whose voluminous neck-ties and deep, high coat-collars, quite the thing in those days, would procure for the wearers the pains and penalties of 'guys' in our time, were working away with conscientiousness much accelerated by the presence of Mr. Eliot Foster in the adjoining room, and believed their employer to be equally energetically engaged in his particular pursuits. But the ingenuous young gentlemen were mistaken. Mr. Eliot Foster—his new pen unstained by ink, the supply of large blue letter-paper, of a dreadful fashion and texture now happily obsolete, lying undisturbed upon the stained and ragged leather of his solid mahogany writing-table, the trim order of which ugly and ponderous article of furniture indicated the method and precision of its owner's ways—was slowly pacing the room up and down, past the long narrow windows, his hands clasped behind his back, and an expression in his face which no mortal eyes had beheld there for many a long (and prosperous) year.

Business correspondence at the period in question had not piled itself up after the inconsiderate and unlimited fashion of the present time. Just as people managed to exist without the perpetual note-writing which we all denounce, ridicule, complain of, and practise, and carried on their affairs of love, politeness, and the smaller social services, with only a moderate expenditure of stationery and postage, so they condensed their business correspondence; and the heap of letters which is an incident of the everyday existence of every one who either has, fancies he has, or is supposed by other people to have, anything to do, was an unknown or a very moderate infliction. The pile of letters which lay on Mr. Eliot Foster's desk was of insignificant dimensions in comparison with that which a London man of the present day would have to encounter on his arrival at chambers; but he had found some difficulty in getting through it, in giving to each communication the attention it demanded; and when at length the task was ended, he had risen impatiently from his chair—an uncompromising fabric composed of cane and mahogany, constructed, judging from its height, for the accommodation of a giant, and misfitted with the slipperiest leather cushion within the precincts of the Inn—and begun that before mentioned walk, with bent head, and hands clasped behind his back. Now and then he would unclasp the hands and use

one of them to pull nervously at his shirt-frill, or to fumble with the collar of his coat, or to tap the table as he passed it by, or in some other unconscious action, which indicated that something was troubling him, disturbing him, throwing his business mind in business hours out of its business groove, which was very indecorous, distressing, unusual, and unaccountable.

The something which was disturbing Mr. Eliot Foster was held in the hand which he kept behind his back, and was not alarming in appearance. It was only a note, a three-cornered note, written on paper which was dainty then, in a woman's hand, at once bold and scrawly; a brief note, which had not been sent through the post, though Mr. Eliot Foster had found it on the top of the pile which had just demanded his reluctant attention. Without any assignment of local habitation to the writer, and with no date but 'Thursday,' the note, in no other respect vague, contained these words:

'I must see you to-morrow. Expect me at twelve. If you have business, put it off; if you have visitors, send them away.'

'JULIA PEYTON.'

'What an extraordinary woman she is!' so ran the lawyer's thoughts, spoken half aloud, as the hand which he held behind his back shut and opened on the scrap of paper it enclosed. 'She never was like any one else, as I have known to my cost. What is she doing—what is she wanting now? Not to see me; no, no! I am not such a fool as to flatter myself with such a delusion as that; she needs my help in something, and I must give it her; creditable or discreditable, I cannot say no. And she knows that—ah, yes, she knows that well! The old peremptory way—the old imperious, wilful, selfish, irresistible way. 'If you have business, put it off; if you have visitors, send them away.' Yes, yes; there the true Julia speaks. No mistaking her; girl and woman, she has never changed. She will be here at twelve—it is only twenty minutes past eleven.' Then the trim, prim, cool, hard, sagacious lawyer sighed, and poked the crumpled little letter into his waistcoat-pocket, and forced himself to resume his seat and his inspection of his business correspondence. But it would not do; the letters fell from his hand; he pushed them aside, and leaning his elbows on his desk, and his face on his clasped hands, gave way to a reverie which, if his unconscious clerks had seen it, would have seriously impaired their estimate of his character.

Twelve o'clock, but no sign of the ex-

pected visitor. 'And yet, as she is coming about her own business, and, I presume, in her own interest, even a woman, and that woman Julia, might have been expected to be punctual,' said Mr. Eliot Foster bitterly, as he looked at his large flat gold watch, to compare 'his' time with the loudly-proclaimed opinion of several neighbouring clocks on that subject.

A discreet knock upon the upper panel of the heavy door recalled Mr. Eliot Foster to a sense of the necessity of resuming his business expression. He looked very unlike the man who had so lately been taking a troubled walk about the room, when in reply to his 'Come in!' a sandy-haired, freckled, and inky young gentleman presented himself, and said nervously, as if the unaccustomed apparition had frightened him—

'A lady, sir; says it's an appointment.'

'Certainly. Show the lady in, Mr. Clithero.'

Mr. Clithero retired for a moment, then returned and showed the lady in, after which he carried away with him a vivid impression of his employer, standing still and upright by the table, without having made the usual ceremonious bow which generally ensued on the introduction of a visitor, before the closing of the door.

The 'private room' was not a very large apartment, and the distance from the door to the clumsy office-table beside which Mr. Eliot Foster stood was not great—was much too limited, it might have been supposed, for the display of feminine grace of mien and movement; nevertheless, the lady approached him with a step and a gesture which at once indicated her claim to gracefulness. When she stood beside the office-table, she raised the long and thick lace veil which had hidden her face from the inquisitive eyes of the clerks, and then an observer would have discovered what Mr. Eliot Foster knew 'to his cost'—that she was beautiful. The lady spoke first, as she gave the lawyer her hand.

'I am a little late,' she said, in an unconcerned voice, with a rich full tone in it which harmonised with the strong vitality and the perfect proportion which showed themselves in her face, figure, and expression.

The lawyer replied by a question. 'How did you come? I did not hear a carriage.'

'I walked here,' she answered; 'not alone, though; I had a very eligible and sufficient escort; he is waiting for me, improving his mind in Holborn.'

'He,' commented Mr. Foster quietly, as he placed a chair for the lady, and she

seated herself in an attitude which had something insolent in its grace.

'He,' she returned. Then leaning suddenly forward, she said rapidly,—

'Look here, Eliot; what is the use of your meeting me in this way, and putting on this sort of manner? I don't believe in it, and it wouldn't have the slightest effect on me if I did. You want to know what has brought me here; you are unwilling to let me see how much you want to know; and you are afraid to ask me lest my business should be of a nature of which you could not approve. Then you would inform me of your disapproval, and I should be entirely indifferent to it, as I always have been, and should act precisely as I had intended. I don't come to you for advice, Eliot—yes, yes, you mean by that shake of the head that I have never taken advice from you or any one—I come to you for help, and I expect, *I know*, you will give it to me.'

The voice changed into the softest tone, the large, rather stern eyes, of the indefinite colour which darkens with feeling or the affectation of feeling, and lightens with anger or any evil impulse, smiled gently, confidently, appealingly, and not in vain.

'God knows I have never refused to help you, Julia; not even when you have been hardest and most unjust and scornful to me. And I did not really expect you to listen to anything I might have to say; but it is a long time now since I have seen you, and I—'

'You thought I might be changed. Ah, Eliot, it would be a bad day for you that should see that change; but no, I am just the same, and I have come to you because there is a chance for me, and you—only you—can help me to take advantage of it.'

'A chance for you, Julia! Now, what do you mean?' Mr. Eliot Foster rose as he spoke, and leaned against the high narrow chimney-piece, obscuring the cheerless view of a dusty grate, into which some scraps of paper had found their desultory way. His gaze, now resuming somewhat of its business expression, was earnestly bent upon the beautiful woman who sat within a few feet of him. She had untied her bonnet, and was dangling it by the strings over the arm of her chair, and sometimes his eyes strayed from the face which addressed itself to him to the lissom hand which played impatiently with the bonnet-strings, and seemed by its quick nervous movements to make amends for the forced gentleness and composure of her speech. Her tall figure, her full white throat and clear-cut regal features, the rich shining mass of dark-brown

hair, dressed, as was the fashion of the time, in bandeaux, enclosing the small wax-like ears, and gathered into a great smooth knot placed low upon the back of the neck, formed a picture which seemed strangely out of place in the grim lawyer's grimy private room. There was nothing 'business-like' about it in appearance; and yet few clients had ever sought private conference with Mr. Eliot Foster on business more important to their interests, or with a steadier determination to carry it through, than Julia Peyton.

'I mean—I mean—well, of course, you understand, that I can only mean the chance of a marriage. What other chance is there, can there be, for me? I cannot bear the life I am leading any longer.'

'And yet it seems to me that you might find it very endurable, Julia. Yours is surely the merest sham of dependence. You are your own mistress, and every other person's mistress, at Meriton; your time is your own, or you could not be here; and your position is secure.'

'Very secure!' said the lady with a sneer, which contrasted remarkably with the smile she had so lately bestowed upon her hearer; 'very secure indeed; only depending upon the whim of a blind old woman, and upon how long I can keep her maid and her butler my friends instead of my enemies. I understand *your* being satisfied that I should remain where I am; but that's not exactly the question, you see, or, if you don't, I must make you see.'

'Pray don't,' said Mr. Foster, with an evident effort to preserve his calm tone and manner, and a momentary look of pain, — 'pray don't refer to me at all. You have always been so explicit concerning *me*, Julia, that I should be a fool to permit any feeling of my own to influence me for a moment; you have told me you do not need, and will not take, any advice; go on now, and tell me what is the help you do need, and have come to ask for.'

The lady looked at the lawyer strangely, with a momentary yearning as of pity in her face, and suddenly put out her hand to him. It was a strong, well-shaped hand, but not small, and it let his hand go as suddenly as it had touched it.

'You are a good man, Eliot,' she said; 'too good a man to care about me. However, that is beside the question. I did not come here to talk sentiment, or to listen to it.'

'You will not be asked to listen to it,' said Mr. Foster drily; 'I am quite at your service, to give my attention to the business you have come upon, as if you were any other client.'

The faintest possible twitching among the mobile muscles of the lady's mouth testified to some cynical amusement and unbelief on her part; but she said nothing, and Mr. Foster continued, now with a touch of impatience in his tone:

'You are not quite so easy, not quite so decided in this matter as you wish to appear, Julia, or you would have told me what it is you want of me before now. You have been ten minutes in this room, and I never knew you to be so slow before in coming to any point. You are hesitating and uncertain; I am quite ready to hear and to act.'

The look of pain was quite gone from his face, and by a great effort he banished the look of softness, too, and now was all the man of business again.

The lady saw this, and discarding all irresolution, she spoke: 'Are we quite safe from interruption?'

'I can secure that we shall be so by a direction to my clerks.'

'Do so.'

Mr. Eliot Foster gave the necessary order, and resumed his former place and attitude, looking down upon her.

'I have not told you that Mrs. Haviland's son has returned from India, and has been staying at Meriton for some time. In my late letters — few enough and sufficiently far between to protect me from the imputation you once fixed upon me of playing with your feelings, by keeping up unnecessary communications,' said the lady, who was then playing with his feelings by every artful device of look, gesture, and intonation within her power — 'I did not mention the circumstance. Why? Not to spare you, I assure you. I fear I am not yet good enough, or considerate enough, for anything of that kind; but because there was something of which I was not quite certain. I made up my mind that I would wait, and I have waited, to mention Mrs. Haviland's son to you, until I could tell you what I came here to tell you to-day.'

She paused, and they looked at each other. Then Mr. Eliot Foster said with a short nod:

'That Mr. Haviland has fallen in love with you, I presume — has asked you to marry him — that you have said "Yes" — and that Mr. Haviland is now waiting for you without, improving his mind, as you said just now, in Holborn?'

'Precisely so,' said the lady with a slow, secure kind of smile. 'But you have omitted one supposition, left one question out of your list; you have not divined that I love him — you have not asked me if I love him.'

'What is that to me? He has asked the question, and received the answer which you chose to give him. Let that suffice. What need I care? But have you quite considered—have you closely calculated all the consequences—all that is implied in such a marriage, Julia—Peyton?'

She laughed, not loudly or scornfully, but gently, with a contented little note, which would have been quite enchanting to any ear that would not have detected something sinister in it.

'You made that little pause, you laid that little emphasis, very skilfully,' she said; 'but you are wrong in what you are thinking of. I am not in the least afraid of what I am doing—I am not running any risk which I need mind.'

'Take care, Julia; you are very clever and very daring—as bold as you are beautiful; but all the courage you may truly boast can't alter facts; and all your skill may not divert danger from you in the future. At first sight this seems too good a thing to be true—too much luck, if I *must* look at it from *your* point of view, to be safe. If I am rightly informed as to the circumstances and position of these people, a marriage with Mr. Haviland must bring a woman very much forward, make her a person to be talked of and inquired about. I think you would very highly appreciate wealth, Julia.'

She laughed again in the same contented tone, and again there was something slightly sinister in the laugh. But she did not interrupt Mr. Foster; she rather liked to hear the arguments she knew, or believed, to be so baseless.

'But you might have that, perhaps, on less dangerous terms—wealth without publicity.'

'He is quite resolved not to admit the idea that I may possibly love the man I mean to marry. How wonderful is the vanity of the lordly creature!' thought the lady, in calm, unspoken parenthesis.

'In such a marriage as this I see many elements of trouble and inquietude; have you taken them into account?'

'All; and I am resolved upon marrying Mr. Haviland. Why do you not question me about him? Have you no wish to know the man, at least by description, who is to relieve you for the future from all anxiety about me?'

The lawyer's patience gave way before this question—this cool, covertly insolent taunt. His face was dark and angry as he answered her: his hand grasped the thick mahogany back of his office-chair and slightly shook it.

'You are a heartless woman,' he said; 'heartless, obstinate, and insolent. You are here because you need my help; because, in fact, you cannot do without it. I will ask you such questions as I choose; questions to which I require answers for the sake of your own interests, and that I may see my way to doing what you require of me. But I will ask you no questions to gratify your love of power—the devilish coquetry that is in you. Be sure of that; and if you are determined thus to trifle with me, and baffle my efforts to get at what you want of me, I see no use in prolonging this interview.'

'You are a little incoherent, Eliot,' said the lady with a smile, which was only sweet and candid this time, not in the least malign. 'You will question me as you choose; then I must wait to be questioned; and if I don't tell you everything quickly and all at once, you'll turn me out. Is *that* what you mean?'

She might have been the most girlish, the least experienced, the most innocent of women, and not have looked the character to more perfection, so softly complaining, so mildly remonstrating, was the glance of the softened eyes, the pout of the rich red lips. Mr. Eliot Foster looked at her and turned away his head.

'You know very well what I mean, Julia. Have done with this. I don't want to know anything about Mr. Haviland beyond the facts I already know, and those facts lead me to believe this will be a dangerous step for you to take.'

'No, no, you are wrong, you are wrong,' she said, and resumed in a moment a manner as business-like as his own. 'I will tell you the exact state of the case—keeping to facts only—and then you will see. All you heard of the family and household at Meriton before you placed me there was true. Nothing could be more respectable, nothing more comfortable, nothing more dull. The old lady is the gentlest and mildest of old ladies, with the superadded amiability which seems to attach, I don't know why, to blindness. Even when she had her eyesight, I fancy she never by any accident perceived anything which any one wished to conceal, or formed a suspicion of any human being. By the bye, that quality of her nature may account for her amiability and her placid happiness. We get on splendidly together, if that progressive epithet may be applied to so stationary an existence as ours; and the old lady suffers from only one inquietude—the fear that she takes up too much of my time, and that I may ever feel myself in any other position in the house than that

of an honoured guest. Quite an unnecessary idea, on her part, I need hardly tell you. It was very natural that Mrs. Haviland should talk to me very constantly about her son, and it was equally natural that, never having seen, and not particularly wishing to see, the individual in question, I should not feel much interested in the subject. Mr. Haviland, as you have heard, is one of those fortunate men who went to India young, and made a fortune there in the civil service. He has three sisters, but they are married; and his father and mother had long been living alone, when the death of Mr. Haviland's elder brother—a surly, ill-conditioned old brute, I believe, who had not spoken to any of his relatives for years—put him in possession of the family estate of Meriton. He died within a year, and the old lady, whose sight had long been affected, became blind. I believe the sons-in-law would have been willing enough to come and look after the old lady, and nurse the property until Stephen Haviland's return from India; but each was jealous of the other, and the old lady had not the courage to select one of the three, and declare in his favour; and the heir was a long way off, and so the proposed plan was held in abeyance. And it ended in your hearing, through Mrs. Burdett, that her mother required a “lady-companion” indefatigable at reading aloud, and a good musician. I am telling you only what you know already; but it brings me to what you do not know.

‘I know nothing of the family politics,’ interrupted Mr. Eliot Foster; ‘Mrs. Burdett’s husband is my client.’

‘Exactly,’ resumed the lady. ‘I was some time at Meriton before I knew anything about them; but I understand them thoroughly now, and if I marry Stephen Haviland, as I intend, I shall require all my knowledge, and all my skill in using it.’

‘How long has he been in England?’ asked Mr. Eliot Foster abruptly.

‘Three months. You think I made a rapid conquest; but it was not so, I assure you. He was moody and discontented when he came home, perpetually conscious and resentful of his liver, and with a misanthropical kind of notion that all his good luck had come to him too late. But he was very fond of his mother, and very much with her; and it all began, I think, in his feeling grateful to me for cheering up the good old lady’s life.’

‘Yes, yes, I understand,’ said the lawyer impatiently; ‘you inspire gratitude now, when a victim awaits you. Formerly you inspired pity.’

‘Pity!’ she repeated with a scornful em-

phasis on the word; but she let the slighting sentence pass with a wave of her hand, and a glance sufficiently expressive, and continued:

‘Well, then, I shall not trouble you with particulars. When his health and spirits improved, and he had time and inclination to think of anything but himself, and look at anything but his medicine-chest, he began to look at and think of me. But I had not had the same distractions, and I had taken to study him before that time arrived; and one of the first things I observed about Stephen Haviland was a concentrated determination to procure anything he particularly wished for, without troubling himself about the cost. My perception of this greatly stood me in stead afterwards, and I never allowed it to escape my memory, or slackened in my determination to use it, should Mr. Haviland take it into his head to think his happiness would be increased by becoming my lover.’

‘Husband, you mean,’ said the lawyer with a frown.

‘Of course I do; but I am not sure that he did, just at first. In fact, I am quite sure he did not; you must remember I have not always associated with such scrupulously honourable people’—here her cheek flushed, and her red nostril heaved—‘that the conception of such an idea is an outrage to my sense of dignity. It mattered very little to me what Mr. Haviland intended. What I intended *myself* was the thing for me to consider, and to make up my mind about. I considered it, and made up my mind about it; and the result—I need not trouble you with the particulars—was a proposal of marriage from the gentleman, who by that time would hardly have dared to remember, in his loneliest hours of meditation, that he had ever ventured to hesitate about giving his feelings that uncompromising expression.’

How cold, and hard, and scornful the beautiful face now looked! The lawyer said:

‘If I had asked the question you wondered I did not ask, “Do you love this man?” and you had told me in the plainest words that you do not, I could not know it better than I do now. Julia, why are you going to do this thing? what is there to make you give up your present life for such a poor tinsel happiness—at such a risk?’

‘Much!’ she answered eagerly. ‘Everything! My present life has become impossible under any circumstances; and no other form of dependence would be endurable to me. In the quiet, in the peace which

have come to me of late, I have learned to long for the full, stirring, enjoyable life, in which all remembrances may be dulled by pleasure, and all *ennui* dissipated by excitement; and that only wealth can give—wealth and station, I mean; I would not care for vulgar riches—and here, now, it is within my reach. Don't say I ought not to have it;—I am young still, and strong, and my soul sickens, my blood stirs against the monotony of my existence. I must get out of it. I never want to look back more. Why should I? I have suffered enough, surely; now it is time for me to enjoy. And I could; O, I could! Every faculty is strong in me, as if I had never known the dark side of life.' She had risen as she spoke, and was standing opposite to him, and now she laid her left hand upon his arm. 'I would never, never look back; I could keep my thoughts from ever turning to the past for a moment; it should all be washed out of me. Why shouldn't it, Eliot? It was no crime of mine, though it was a fault, I suppose; and no one is bound to suffer always for a fault. If that were so, life would indeed be intolerable. I could utterly forget it all; there's no one but you to remind me of it, and you would not.'

'No,' said the lawyer, 'I certainly would not; and you could keep out of my way, you know, in case you should apprehend any indiscretion on my part.'

'You are just a little too hard upon me,' said the lady. 'You are too much in earnest for a successful sneer. I pass it by; I don't think of it. I say again, no one can now remind me of the past but you.'

'No one, Julia?'

Mr. Eliot Foster's face was very grave and very dark as he put this question. The lady met his glance without confusion, and answered boldly.

'You are doing me a service; you are bringing me nearer to what I want to say,—no one. I am resolved upon this marriage, and I have tried to give you some of my reasons. You say I don't love Stephen Haviland; and I don't pretend to you that I do love him. I don't think it is in me to love any man.'

'I don't think it is, indeed, Julia; or any woman, or any child.'

'Perhaps not. No matter. So much the more power shall I have over myself all my life: so much the less power shall people have over me. But I like him; his faults do not annoy me, the good that is in him suits me. I shall get on very well with him. He is selfish, but not so selfish as I am; he is strong of will, but not so strong as I am.'

'Good heavens, Julia, what has all this to do with the matter in my mind, and in yours also? What does it avail that you like the man you are going to marry, in the face of the tremendous risk you are incurring? I do believe there is not one of you women—even you, the hardest, the most unyielding woman I have ever known—who could resist talking some kind of sentiment, even the perverted kind of sentiment you talk, at the supreme crisis of her existence. Every word you have said of this Stephen Haviland—his selfishness, his determination of character, the fixity of his will—all this makes me more and more apprehensive for you. Don't mistake me, Julia. Good God, how hard it is to explain to a woman that one may do a disinterested thing in advising her! and all the more disinterested because it appears to spring from a selfish feeling, a vain stupid hope, and exposes one to the misinterpretation of a woman's vanity. I would not have you renounce marriage, I would not shut you out from any compensation, from any good the world could ever have to give you; but this particular marriage seems fraught with peril to you. Think well of it. You are the companion of this man's mother—a young woman taken into the employment of the family on the sole unsupported recommendation of a lawyer employed by a member of the family. And now I must warn you once more; I do not say anything of this because my own credit is in some degree at stake, and will be impugned if your story comes to light. I don't care for that; in this matter I care—as in many another I have cared—only for you. You must incur, from the moment that Mr. Haviland makes his intention of marrying you known to his mother and sisters, the utmost enmity, opposition, and suspicion on their part; and remember, when it becomes their interest to know all about you, to investigate your antecedents, to call upon me to furnish them with all the information in my power,—which of course, however, I can and will refuse, not counting the cost,—they will apply themselves to the task with sufficient eagerness and acuteness to render it very difficult for me to baffle them; to say nothing of the cross-examination Mr. Haviland will have to submit to, and which he will have a perfect right, in his turn, to transfer to you. Julia, this is very dangerous; far, far more dangerous than if you had schemed in any other direction; than if you had sought a husband anywhere rather than in the house of your employer. It would be much safer for you to have to encounter the questioning of absolute igno-

rance concerning you, than the false knowledge which supplies a basis on which an edifice of confusion and detection may be at once raised. This is where the danger of this marriage lies, Julia; think of it, consider it, not as if the warning came from me, but as if it came merely from one conversant with men and life, and giving you the cool-headed caution of such an adviser to avoid the danger of detection.'

The lady had listened with quiet and steady attention to the lawyer as he spoke. They were both standing, and she had not taken her hand off his arm. When he ceased speaking, she lifted the hand and laid it on his shoulder. Then looking at him earnestly, and with the colour in her cheeks fading out, she said:

'All you say is true, Eliot—good and true; and I should be a harder and a worse woman than I am if I did not feel it, if I did not recognise that there is nothing but sincerity and disinterestedness in all you say. But no investigation, no pumping of you, no cross-examination of me, can teach Stephen Haviland anything concerning me that he does not already know.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Eliot Foster, starting back; 'do you mean to say he knows that—'

'That I am not Julia Peyton, but Julia Wallace; not an orphan girl, obliged by poverty to seek her own livelihood in the home of strangers, but the widow of a felon, and the mother of a convict's child! Yes, Eliot, he knows all that, as well as you or I know it.'

CHAPTER II.

A COMPACT.

THE astonishment with which Mr. Eliot Foster heard the statement just made by the lady was simply, and without any exaggeration, unbounded. It would not have been possible for her to make a communication to him for which he was more utterly unprepared. He did not attempt to disguise his astonishment, or to mitigate its extent. Apparently the lady was prepared to find her words received with surprise; for she merely laughed, in the secure sort of way which seemed habitual to her, when the lawyer started from his listening attitude, and exclaimed:

'Impossible, Julia! you must be deceiving me for some purpose; you cannot mean it. I don't believe you.'

'I cannot help that,' she replied. 'I can only assert over again what I have already said: Stephen Haviland knows all about me as well as you do.'

'Then he must be an extraordinary man! To know what it has been your main object to conceal, and that I have helped you, and that by crooked ways than I ever before walked in, to conceal; and yet to want to—'

'To marry me,' she said slowly, seeing that the lawyer paused before the outspoken discourtesy of such a termination to his sentence. 'It is strange; and yet you, of all people, ought to find it intelligible, considering that you would not have hesitated to marry me when things were at the worst; and that I don't think'—and here she threw a glance at him full of triumph, and not quite free from derision—'you would hesitate to marry me now, if it could be. There, you need not reproach me with my heartlessness, Eliot; I know all about that; and I am a wretch—only you like the wretch, and forgive her everything, and stick to her through everything; and the wretch knows well that she never can have such a friend as you.'

'Not Mr. Stephen Haviland?' asked the lawyer.

'No; not Mr. Stephen Haviland. You wonder, very naturally, in spite of what I have just said, that he should want to marry me, knowing what he knows; and even if he loved me, cared for me, as you *did*—well, then, as you *do*—it is a strange resolution for a man in his position in life to come to. But he did not come to it until he could not help himself, as I have hinted to you before; and he would not have come to it at all even then, but that there is one thing which he dislikes more than the possible risk of compromising his position; and that is being balked in an inclination. No man was ever more firmly convinced that the whole duty of man is to make life as pleasant and to get as much out of it as possible; and when the object in view is what he considers very desirable, he is reasonably ready to make the inseparable sacrifice to attain it.'

'Is this man clever as well as selfish?'

'I am happy to say he is. I don't think even *envy*, even ambition, in short, any motive, could have induced me to undertake the task of marrying a fool. To be for ever trying to accomplish a feat which my common sense would tell me could never be done—what more dreadful fate could one have? No, that is a price at which wealth might indeed be bought too dear. He is clever and gentlemanlike, and passionately in love with me. Are you beginning to see any more clearly into the matter?'

'As regards him, I am,' replied Mr. Eliot Foster. 'It did not require your reminder

to make me remember that I am in the same category with Mr. Haviland. You are right; I would have married you when things were at the worst, and I would marry you now, if you would have me.' He spoke in a quiet tone, but his face was much troubled. 'But, though I understand Mr. Haviland, from your description of him, better than when you first startled me with your strange news, I do not understand *you*. What induced or drove you to tell him the truth? He knew nothing of you, I presume, until lately, when he saw you, as every one else saw you, in his mother's house?'

She moved her head assentingly.

'Why then, if you soon formed the project of gratifying your ambition by marrying this man, you did not maintain towards him the position you had assumed towards the rest of the world—why you did not keep him in ignorance of all that you wished to have so strictly concealed,—this is what I cannot understand. Surely the story which was good enough, plausible enough, sufficiently calculated to hold water to do for Mrs. Haviland and her daughters, might have sufficed for her son.'

'I have never known you so far out in an argument,' answered the lady, leaning forward in her chair and speaking very earnestly. 'You are altogether wrong, and your judgment is superficial on this point. A woman must be in error who deceives the man she has made up her mind to marry; if she loves him, because she lays up sure and certain suffering for herself; if she does not, because she runs the risk, which may any day become a certainty, of providing him with an advantage over her—a weapon to use against her. I speak as if marriage were but an organised strife. And so it is, for the most part; and that side wins which has the most reserves. In this instance, remember, my head and heart were perfectly cool, and I proposed to myself to answer the question asked by Stephen Haviland, by a test. If he cared enough for me, if he was really swayed entirely by his passion for me, the story I had to tell, or to withhold, would not be sufficient to turn him from his purpose; and, once told without any reservation, he could never discover it by accident, and use it against my peace and dignity. If he did not care enough for me, if he was not entirely swayed by his passion, and I had some reason to rate that sway highly, considering it had driven him to make me an offer which he had not always intended, he would not use it against me either, for his own sake. We should part, pledged respectively to silence; that would be all about it. I applied the test

successfully. He did care enough for me—he was sufficiently swayed by his passion for me—to persevere in his intention of marrying me, in spite of what I had to tell him.'

'How did he take it?'

She hesitated. A few moments elapsed before she answered:

'Well enough. Even more than well, considering the sort of man he is; considering that he is not *you*.' She stretched out both her hands, and the lawyer took them in his. Then she bent down her head upon them, in a passing access of tenderness far from common to her haughty and designing nature. When she lifted her head again and looked at him, he was very pale.

'He took a little time to make up his mind. He did not feel much compassion for me, I think, or much sympathy with me; his kind of love, though it is genuine and strong enough in its way, is not much in the line of feelings of that sort; and he seemed disposed to resent the circumstances which I told him as an injury to *him*, because they crossed him, rather than because of *me*. But that is a man's way; and I should never think of minding it, or expecting anything else. But though I suspect he really did try, did make an effort to induce himself to give me up,—I watched him closely, and I don't think I am mistaken about having perceived *that*,—he behaved well when he really had made up his mind. The blood and breeding in him told then; and I am quite satisfied that I shall never have anything to fear from his knowledge of the truth. The policy of taking advantage of a time when a man is in love with one, and prepared to make any or many concessions, and to be ready with all sorts of excuses and palliations for everything, rather than of running the risk of disclosures in a future which can hardly be expected to be quite so enthusiastic and complimentary, is, I think, too plain to admit of dispute. In the case of even an ordinary and trifling secret, I cannot fancy a reasonable woman hesitating between telling it, when circumstances are all for her, and waiting to have it told by her friends, or by accident, when they may be all against her, and when, at best, she must incur the blame of want of confidence.'

'No doubt, no doubt; say no more about it. You argue the point, Julia, with coolness which I cannot imitate. I am not yet sufficiently free from the astonishment you caused me. Right or wrong, wise or foolish, the thing is done; and you cannot undo it now. This man knows all about you, and will use his knowledge in the future as he pleases.'

'Not quite,' she replied. 'Remember, I shall be his wife; and troubling my life would not render his tranquil. He sees that our interests are identical henceforth, and he is determined, and pledged to aid me in maintaining the position I have assumed before the world.'

'I wonder how he will treat you?' said the lawyer in an earnest tone; to which she replied with a somewhat jarring levity:

'You had better wonder how I shall treat him. Remember, at least, that I start with the immense advantage of not being in the least in love with him, while he is "desperately," as people say—though there is nothing desperate about Stephen Haviland—in love with me.'

'You are just the same as ever, Julia—just the same contradictory creature; now serious, now gay, now seeming to be touched by some genuine feeling, anon startling by your levity. You trifle with everything, just as you did long ago, before there was anything but trifles in your life, and—'

'And have just the same power of sticking to a purpose now as I had then; though I am not likely to blunder so egregiously as to whether it is good or bad for me to do so,' answered the lady.

The lawyer shook his head, but said nothing.

'I see you don't like it, that you are not convinced,' she continued; 'but that will come in time. I knew you would not be, and therefore it was difficult to me to tell you why I have come to you to-day. But my time is drawing to a close, and I must leave you to grow reconciled to this after I am gone.'

'True,' said Mr. Foster; 'and you are perfectly indifferent—having made up your mind—as of old, Julia, to my opinion; and you will leave me "to grow reconciled," and perhaps never care to hear whether that process has accomplished itself. I suppose I shall see nothing, and hear little, of you now. Mr. Haviland's wife will never need the services of a poor lawyer.'

'Won't she? And what brought me here to-day? Did I not tell you that I came to claim a service at your hands? and have I not said all I have been saying in order to introduce the subject of this service? Eliot, you have a right to think hard things of me, and to say them to me, but you have not quite the right to tell me that I have come here merely to take an airy, well-satisfied, heartless leave of my best friend; for that is what your words imply.'

'Never mind what my words imply. Perhaps you *do* really need one service more from your "best friend." Tell me what it

is at once; there is no use in wasting time in further preparation.'

He had risen from his chair, and he now moved away from her in the direction of the nearest window, and stood there, leaning his elbow on the top of the rusty wire half-blind. His face was half averted. She seemed relieved by the change, and did not seek him with her eyes as she spoke, but allowed them to follow the idle movement of her hand, as she played with a paper-knife lying upon the office-table.

'I will come to the chapter of our arrangements, then. For carrying them out, I am forced to depend very much on you. It was not difficult to induce Mrs. Haviland to come up to town; the plea of her son's convenience did that easily, as the plea of his pleasure would have done it, and we have been here three days. To-morrow Stephen Haviland means to tell his mother that he is going to marry me, and that the marriage is to be private. After it is over he will inform his sisters of the truth.'

'How does he expect *them* to take it? Judging of what I know of Mrs. Burdett, I fancy she will not receive the intimation with much pleasure or patience.'

'So he thinks; but he means to make very short work of it with her—indeed, with all his sisters. It appears to me that they think the fact of his being their brother—rich, and still young, and having come home from India unmarried—constitutes a kind of right to his money on their part, and entitles them to resent his marriage, with no matter whom. Stephen does not think that my being their mother's companion, and a "tocherless lass," without even the "lang pedigree," would make much difference. The grand cause of offence would be his marrying any one, and so diverting his money, his feelings, and his influence from what they choose to consider their "legitimate" channels. He means to announce his marriage to them respectively, with an intimation that if they please to treat me in all respects as he chooses I should be treated, there shall be no change in his relations with them; but if they do not so please, they must consider themselves strangers to him for evermore. I only know Mrs. Burdett of the three, and I am inclined to think she will make a wise and prudent calculation, to the effect that in the case of her taking her brother's advice, she may probably make something handsome by her obedience; whereas, in the case of her rejecting it, she loses certain benefits which no doubt derive more alluring colours from their very uncertainty; and she will therefore decide on behaving well to me. The

family complications having been arranged in this manner, the world outside the family will not, I fancy, be very hard to manage. Stephen Haviland is rich enough, and well enough placed, and his antecedents are sufficiently vague, as he has had no London "seasons," and never has been talked of with Miss So-and-so, or Lady Somebody Something, to present to society a wife of his own choosing. Of course, there will be some gossip; that is to be expected; and people will eagerly declare that I am a nobody, which is perfectly true. But a few will be found to remark that my name—*Peyton* (the emphasis she laid upon the word, and the expression of her face as she uttered it, were in the highest degree malignant and scornful)—is not a bad one; and the American origin I shall have whispered about will add to its respectability. I do not feel much afraid of being snubbed; and if I am, it won't last. I want to know, to feel, to enjoy, now while I am still young, and while the power to forget and to enjoy is still strong and buoyant within me,—it is, Eliot—you may look and be astonished—it is,—the life of the gay, grand world, whose pleasure is a recognised part of existence; where there are no sordid cares, no anxieties; where my well-being will be the care of others; and where the everyday incidents of struggling life will have no effect upon me. You never considered the uncertainty of my position, I daresay; but I know all about it. I am no better than any other dependent in Mrs. Haviland's house; and I have no wish to extend my experiences in that direction. However, that is only the negative side of the matter; the positive side is, that I want to get all the enjoyment I can out of life while I am young enough for it to have any meaning; and that is to be done by becoming Stephen Haviland's wife.'

'Have you considered the difficulties, of a technical nature, which will present themselves?' asked the lawyer. 'Have you been advised—but of course you have not, as you have come to me only, and the matter has not been mentioned between us—that you cannot marry this man under a false name, and giving a description of yourself which is not true? You cannot be married to this man as "*Julia Peyton, spinster*."'

'I know that,' she said; 'and Stephen Haviland has provided for that difficulty. We are to be married quite privately and quietly in a city church, by special license; and it is most unlikely that any of his family—learning the fact of the marriage only after it has taken place, and that his mother sanctioned it by her presence—will ask any

embarrassing questions. You will remember that we have only her ears to fear, not her eyes; the Christian names alone are used in the ceremony, and she cannot see the register.'

'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'this is a clever plan. I don't know, however, that I should quite like the notion of inducing a blind woman to attend a marriage in order to profit by her affliction after such a fashion.'

'Indeed!' she answered, and the fierce flash of her eyes, the tremble in her voice, told of the uncontrolled temper aroused within the woman; 'perhaps there are circumstances under which you would not be so scrupulous.'

'Pray don't waste your time in losing your temper with me, Julia,' said Mr. Eliot Foster, in a tone in which the subtle senses of the hearer instantly detected something like the first faint approaches of disgust—a fatal sentiment which she loved power too well to tolerate, and which caused her to surmount her anger by a strong effort. 'Go on, and tell me your plans, and how I can advance them. It is a clever trick to make the mother witness her son's marriage with a person of whose existence she is unaware; I acknowledge the cleverness. Is not that admission enough for you?'

'I must make it enough. But you are hard on me, Eliot; you do not make allowance for my position; your own is so secure, and you are a man; you have no power of understanding how I feel.'

'You might have shared my position, Julia, such as it is; you might have been as secure as I; but you would not—the bait was not sufficiently tempting. You are indeed going to sell yourself for money; but it is for a great deal of money, and the best worth having of the things which money can buy. That makes all the difference. I can quite see that.'

'It is fortunate I shall not require him to do many more services for me,' said the lady in her thoughts; 'for I am losing him; the tide has been long at the full, it is beginning to ebb.'

'But,' he continued, 'this is idle talk indeed, and all I shall take by it is that you will say it comes of jealousy. And perhaps it does, Julia; though I think my days of love and jealousy are alike over. Once more, what are your further plans? and how am I to help you? You don't want me to witness your marriage, I presume. I am not blind; and your future husband's family, considering I sent you among them, would have a decided right to resent such a proceeding on my part.'

'I don't wish you to be present at my

marriage; the service I have to ask of you is a far more important one. I have been in hopes you would say something which would make it easier for me to tell you its nature—that you would, in some way, lead up to it.’

While she spoke she was taking out of her pocket a note-book, which in those days would have been accounted very handsome, but which we should regard only as a clumsy affair. While Mr. Eliot Foster watched her proceedings with much surprise, she took from her pocket-book several new crisp bank-notes, laid them on the table beside her, smoothed them out carefully, and then resting her folded hands upon them, she said, without looking at the listener:

‘Can you not guess for what purpose this money is intended? Can you not guess why I have brought it here?’

‘No,’ said Mr. Foster, ‘I cannot. I hope, I believe, I cannot. I will not permit myself to believe that it can be to—’

‘To repay you the money you expended upon me, you would say? Certainly not. Any such thing is far from my thoughts. I am incapable of supposing you would accept another man’s money to replace that. But there is a great, a fatal obstacle to my marriage, which may be removed with your assistance, and by means of money. It is for this purpose I am here, and have brought this.’

The lawyer took or three steps away from the window, and towards her, bent his head and looked her full and earnestly in the face.

‘Julia, do you—can you possibly—mean the child?’

‘Yes,’ she answered abruptly, and leaned back in her chair with a half sigh of relief, ‘I do. You can understand without my explaining it that the child is the *bête noire* of my existence under all circumstances, and the stumbling-block in my way under the present especially. All can be gotten over, put out of sight, and beyond reach of discovery, if the child can be disposed of, if he can be entirely separated from me, and the fact that he lives, hidden from the world for the future, as it has been from the Haviland family up to the present time. This can be accomplished by means of money, and you must do it. Stephen Haviland and I have discussed the matter fully, and he has given me full discretion and plenty of money. The child need never want for anything. He will probably, considering the blood there is in his veins, turn out badly, but that will not be our affair; he will have a fairer chance than many with very different antecedents.’

It would be difficult to do justice in words to the tone in which Mr. Eliot Foster’s visitor spoke. It was not indifferent, it was rather disdainful and cold, and yet eager; but the coldness and disdain were for the object of the proposed arrangement, the eagerness was for the carrying of it out, for the attainment of the speaker’s own set purpose. The lawyer kept a fixed gaze upon her, and she felt it. One might have seen the effort she made to rally against its influence, and present an unmoved front to it.

‘And you have quite made up your mind, Julia? You can bear to part with the child, to put a blank hopeless separation between you and him for ever? I did not think this of you. I would not have believed it, had any one in the world told me this of you; and I can hardly believe it, told me by yourself.’

‘Why?’ she said, and the red angry flush rose once more in her face. ‘Why should you doubt it? Because it is unnatural, you would say. Is it? Not according to the cant of the world, you know, but according to the reason of reasonable beings, is it unnatural? I think not. I never liked the child; I never felt one throb of a mother’s love for him. Remember the circumstances of his birth; remember all it cost me, and don’t talk such trash to me. To hide him away, to ignore his existence, to forget it if I could—have not these been the objects of all my efforts, and have not you aided me in them? And now, because there is a positive and important purpose in doing this more completely, more utterly, more effectually, you take fright, you start back from me, and you answer me with the cant of “unnatural”! Is it unnatural that I should consent, in consideration of a prosperous future for all my life, to do that which I did consent to do for the splendid certainty of a dull and respectable home, and one hundred pounds a year? If there is any good in me, you know it; and what harm there is, you also know: none so well. I am of a hard nature, and I might not have loved the child even had I been like other women—a proud and happy mother. But I cannot tell: speculation upon that point is useless. I only know that his birth brought me new misery and degradation, in addition to misery and degradation which were deep enough already, Heaven knows. I only saw the child to part with him, and then for a long time every hour made me more and more conscious of the additional calamity of his birth. I could hardly even pity the poor child born to such a lot, so much had I to pity myself for. I never

pretended to be anything but selfish; the strength that is in me has its origin in that. You know what the child has been to me since—a burden on my mind, a drag upon my slender means (though you have helped me in that too), a constant reminder of degradation, terror, disgrace, flight, misery, of a nameless skulking life, the utter waste and desolation of years—on the rare occasions when I saw him, a face in which to see the reflection of one I abhorred, a disposition in which I could only expect to find traces of a nature of which I could not think without a shudder. I daresay you are shocked; I daresay I am saying rather terrible things for a mother; but they are true, Eliot, horribly true, and I can never think otherwise.'

'Do you mean to say,' the lawyer asked, 'that you feel you can never have any natural affection for this poor child? that he is always to be an object of repulsion, in consequence of the fault of another? I cannot believe that you feel this. That such a strange perversity came to you at his birth, that you did not cling to the child born in sorrow as your best buckler against sorrow (I have seen women in such trouble as yours, ay, just the same, who loved their children with a double intensity because of it), did not surprise me much; for you are not like other women in many things, and this is one of them. But that you should feel as you now do is inexplicable to me; that you should be ready to throw your child over completely—for, if I understand you rightly, this is what you mean to do—I am very, very loth to believe.'

'Why?' she asked with genuine calmness, and a perfect air of reason; 'why? I don't do badly for him in thus doing well for myself. I never could have given him, had I kept him with me, and loved him and worked for him, like the most model of mothers, what he can now have by means of this money. What chance could he have had with me,' she said bitterly, 'which cannot be trebled by the money he will have away from me? You cannot deny or gainsay this, Eliot; you may look as grim and as displeased as you like, but I am telling the hard, worldly truth, *and you know it.*'

She glanced impatiently at him, but there was no change, no softening in his averted face. Then the passion in her broke loose, and had its way in one fierce burst of emotion. She rose suddenly, and struck the table with her hand. 'I will not bear this,' she said. 'I came here for your help, and I was honest with you. I told you from the first I would not ask your opinion or take your advice, and I won't; but neither will I

endure your calm passing of judgment upon me thus.'

She stood now confronting him, her dark flashing eyes forcing his to meet them, and her lips trembling with the vehemence of her speech. She looked beautiful, and fierce, and ominous—just as he had seen her look many times, and had felt on each occasion that she laid the spell of her beauty more and more securely upon him. He knew it was a spell, and of malign magic too; yet he could not fight against it. But this was not so to-day; there was something at work in the lawyer's honest heart which rebelled against this woman in the aspect of her character now presented to him. She was right—the tide was beginning to turn.

While she was speaking and he was listening, his mind was divided between apprehension lest the vehemence of her tone—which, though it never reached unladylike loudness, overpassed the strictly private and confidential measure of sound—should reach the presumably curious ears of the clerks in the outer room, and regret that he had ever mixed himself up in this affair. To himself there could have been no clearer indication of the waning of her power than this regret; nor would she have failed to recognise or hesitated to avow it to herself, had she been able to discern its existence. The light was dawning for this passion-blinded man, and the glare of day was very unfavourable to the idol, which he had known for a false god always, but believed all the same to be a beautiful and inspiring image. When a man says to himself, at first impatiently, and then seriously and coolly, 'I am sorry I ever mixed myself up with this affair,' or, 'I was deuced unlucky to have anything to say to her,' which phrases are characteristic of two manners of men,—the reign of the woman of whom there is then question is very near its close. She had better abdicate gracefully. 'I am not passing judgment on you,' said the lawyer, as, with a warning gesture, he pointed to the door of communication. 'But you tell me this determination of yours, which seems terrible to me; and you get angry when I imitate your own frankness.'

'I get angry! Yes, I do get angry, and no wonder, when you talk of me and my purposes as though I were like other people. I tell you, I only wonder that I do not hate the child instead of feeling indifferent, as I do.'

'Are you quite sure you do not hate him, Julia? This compact of yours with Mr. Haviland looks rather like it.'

'No,' she said, 'I don't hate him; but I don't say I might not if I did not get rid of him. I could not answer for the effect of

having him before my eyes if he had been the means of destroying my prospect of independence and enjoyment. But we have had enough of this. You are making up your mind to refuse me your help; so be it: I must only find other means; much less creditable ones, of course.' She gathered up the notes as she spoke, and looked as if she intended to go away.

'Stay, Julia,' said the lawyer, laying his hand heavily upon her arm; 'you are not accustomed to let your temper get the better of your discretion; do not let it betray you now. Tell me exactly what it is that you and Mr. Haviland propose should be done with respect to the child, and what share you want me to take in the doing of it. I will trouble you with no more comment.'

'Will you do what I want?' she asked him, with an irresistible glance of mingled entreaty and command. 'You know that I talk utter nonsense when I speak of any help but yours. Where, and from whom, should I seek it? I have not been able, I daresay, to make you understand Stephen Haviland. Our marriage is a bargain, in which I must punctually pay my share. A portion of that share is this arrangement to be made with you. I am to give you this money—one thousand pounds—to be used at your absolute discretion, and to entreat of you to make the best arrangement in your power for the child.'

'Very well, Julia,' replied Mr. Eliot Foster; 'I will do this; but, in my turn, I have a proposition to make to you. You propose to yourself an entire separation from your child. I ask you to let that separation be perfect, as regards his future, in every sense. You will not suffer from it, seeing that you have the strength to institute it; but he may, if he knows that he has a living mother, who has no love or care for him. There, there, you need not repeat your argument about this being the best thing you could do for him. I remember all that; keep to facts. If the boy begins life with this fruitful source of bitterness in him, he will probably develop rapidly the evil which you believe to exist in his disposition; but if he has no notion of the fact, if he believes himself an orphan, with no ties and no external aid to look for, he will at least start fair—a sorry start, but not a false one. Will you, then, agree that he is to know nothing of you—whether you know anything of him is within your own province to decide—and undertake never to communicate to him the facts of his own origin, and your history, directly or indirectly?'

'You have asked me the question I was about to put to you. You have anticipated

all I thought and intended,' replied the lady. 'I do indeed agree to this.'

'You have considered it well; you know that you are resigning the one indissoluble tie which this life owns, and renouncing all the consolations of the future which your child might bring you, in getting rid of the present embarrassment?'

'I know, I know; but it is more than embarrassment—it is utter defeat, it is ruin. O Eliot, do believe me; do not question me any more; keep your promise: this is the last time.'

'I am not so sure of that, Julia. The last time in which people get into trouble in this world, the last time in which they require the aid of their friends, is a very vague and uncertain period. I am by no means sure it has come to you.'

He took the bank-notes from her gravely, counted them, locked them away in a safe, and wrote a formal receipt for the money; all in silence. The lady watched him with an anxious face.

'Take care of that,' he said, as he handed her the receipt; 'there is nothing compromising nor explanatory in the form of it. And now tell me your address. I shall communicate with you in a few days.'

She gave him an address, which he made a note of. Then an awkward pause ensued, which he did not make any attempt to break. At length the lady said, less with her former manner than with an attempt at it—'I don't know how to thank you, Eliot; but you have secured the happiness of my life.'

'I am sorry to be obliged to believe you,' the lawyer replied, with so much gravity that it oppressed her. 'I think there is nothing more to be said to-day.'

'I am dismissed, it appears,' said the lady; and she moved towards the door, the manner of her exit forming a marked contrast to that of her entrance. Mr. Eliot Foster opened the door of communication, and called Mr. Clithero, whom he requested to show the lady down-stairs. Then he and she bowed gravely to each other, and she went away, having dropped the heavy veil which had before hidden her from the inquisitive eyes of the clerks. Mr. Eliot Foster did not close the door immediately.

'Has any one called, Mr. Russell?' he asked of a younger colleague of Mr. Clithero.

'Yes, sir, two gentlemen; but they will call again. And these letters have come.'

'Thank you. Show any one in who comes.'

Mr. Eliot Foster sat down in his clumsy office-chair, and read the newly-arrived let-

ters — one carelessly; the other, which had a country postmark, very attentively. Then he thought deeply for some minutes and muttered, 'Yes, that will do; I see my way to it all now.' Then the lawyer tore the note signed 'Julia Peyton' into the smallest fragments, threw them into his waste-paper basket, and concentrated his attention upon the despatch of his business. He saw, and discussed affairs with, many clients that day; and not one of them but might have believed his own interests the one absorbing topic of the solicitor's thoughts. Which is merely saying that Mr. Eliot Foster was a good man of business.

In a quiet little green nook, receding in a triangular shape from the border of a wide flat road, in a district of the county of Essex which lay tolerably close to London, though not so close in those days as now, stood a low flat-looking cottage, which had a clean though poor appearance, and was tenanted by a woman to whom a similar description might apply. She was a tall, pale, prim, sad-looking woman, who wore decent but painfully unadorned mourning always, and who had probably never in her life conceived the idea of doing anything because she felt the need of amusement — the impulse to depart from the even and unexciting tenor of her way. Though there was little difference except in point of size between the cottage which Mrs. Wood occupied and those in which the villagers lived, and though her dress was but a shade better in point of material than theirs, the observer must have been superficial indeed who would have included her in the same category with her neighbours. She was plain, unattractive, with nothing graceful or prosperous about her, but she was no common woman; and seeing this the observer would also have seen that the isolation of her life in such a place, and with such surroundings, must have been complete. It was complete, but she was satisfied that it should be so; she needed no companion but her little daughter; and asked for no better friend, though she seldom saw him, than her dead husband's cousin, Mr. Eliot Foster, a busy and prosperous London lawyer, but who found time to visit her sometimes, and had sympathy with her troubles and anxieties always. Mrs. Wood was poor and proud, sad but contented; a woman who had done with her life so far as its individual aspect was concerned, and was exclusively occupied with her child. Narrow-minded but kind-hearted, very igno-

rant of the world, but in a vague kind of way distrustful of it, she lived with her little girl — a blue-eyed, fair-haired little creature of four years old — for her sole care and only delight; and said with perfect truth, when Mr. Foster questioned her, that she needed nothing more.

About a week after Mr. Eliot Foster had received the letter and the visit which had so affected him, an unaccustomed movement and air of expectation began to make themselves evident at Lane Cottage, as Mrs. Wood's little dwelling was popularly called. The door was set open, and the voices of the mother and child, and of the strong country girl who 'helped' in the household, were audible, as the little girl ran to and fro between the low porch and the green gate in all the restlessness of childish impatience. Occasionally the mother's tall figure would appear at the door, but only for a moment, as a glance sufficed to assure her the expected visitor was not yet in sight. The child had gone through the various stages of impatience — had watched, listened, had run about, whimpered, fallen asleep, wakened up again, complained of being hungry, eaten, taken to watching again, and was about to grow very tired for the second time, when a plain neat carriage turned the corner of the wide lane, and approached the gate of Mrs. Wood's cottage. A tolerably large trunk was hauled down from the carriage with the aid of the servant, who had run out of the house at the delighted summons of the little girl; and Mr. Eliot Foster descended from the vehicle and approached the house, leading by the hand a child of rather more than Alice Wood's age. The little girl, who had scampered off to her mother, now made her appearance in the doorway, holding tightly by Mrs. Wood's gown; and as Mr. Foster greeted his cousin's wife kindly, the two children looked narrowly at one another — the boy with a face which expressed nothing but curiosity, except discontent; the girl with a smile, beautiful even beyond the ordinary beauty of the smiles of childhood.

'I have brought you a little brother, Alice,' said Mr. Eliot Foster; 'take him away and show him all your playthings; I want to talk to your mother.'

The conversation was a long and serious one. We need repeat but a brief portion of it.

'You told me he is an orphan,' said Mrs. Wood, 'but you did not mention his name.'

'His name is Henry Hurst,' replied Mr. Foster.

From The Spectator, 25 July.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

WE never remember to have read American documents which puzzled us so entirely as the Democratic "platform," and the report of the Meeting by which that platform was accepted. They read as if the Democrats had lost their senses altogether, had degenerated from a great party into a mere faction, too hopeless of success to care for anything except the programme which should most fully defy and irritate their antagonists. The repudiating clauses in the platform were intelligible enough, for the West contains many men favourable to repudiation, the South cannot in justice be expected to like a debt incurred for its subjugation, and taxation presses heavily on a population very industrious, very thrifty, and very much richer in cattle and corn than coin of the Republic. It was to be expected that a party which throughout its history has never been able to conceive of government except as a necessary evil, which can no more rise to the conception of a nation than the conception of a church, would consider a promise by the nation as a thing of exceedingly light import. But the platform when examined is not a platform of repudiation. The expediency of robbery is affirmed, no doubt, though with some old practical reservations, such as the one binding the party to pay officials and soldiers in the same notes as the bondholders,—rather a serious reservation,—but neither the acceptance nor the rejection of the Eighth Commandment forms the real point at issue. That is the old one, the one maintained before the war, the one maintained during the war, the one mankind supposed to be settled by the war, the sacred dogma of State Sovereignty. Nobody with any capacity for impartial judgment can invest the platform with any other signification. The Convention does indeed accept a paragraph declaring that it "recognizes the questions of slavery and secession to have been settled for all time to come by the war or the voluntary action of the Southern States in constitutional Convention assembled;" but it never acknowledges in any way that the result of the war was a just result, never admits in the smallest degree that slavery was a moral evil and secession a revolutionary measure. Indeed, it almost acknowledges that the first paragraph is a form, for in the very next it declares that the elective franchise ought to be regulated in the States by the citizens, and afterwards explains that it means by citizens only those who were citi-

zens before the Reconstruction Acts were passed, those Acts involving "a flagrant usurpation of power which can find no warrant in the Constitution." Under these provisions the white men of every State are possessed of the entire suffrage within that State, a point reaffirmed amid enthusiastic applause by nearly every speaker in the Convention, and expressly asserted by General F. Blair in the letter which produced his nomination as Vice President. In this letter he openly declares that the government belongs not only of fact but of right to white men, and that negroes must be reduced to political subordination. How far the Democrats would push the power inherent in the suffrage thus limited is evident from the annexed "plank:"—"Resolved: That the Union established by the Constitution is a Union of States, Federal in its character, composed of States thereby united, and is incapable of existence without the States as its continuing integral parts; and, therefore, the perpetuation of the Union in its integrity depends upon the preservation of the States in their political integrity, the Government of the United States being a Federal Republic, and not a consolidation of the whole people into a nation."

If this is not State Sovereignty in all the practical meaning of that phrase, what is it? Even admitting, what individually we should not admit, that it is to be read by the light of the first paragraph, which assumes secession to be settled by the war, we have still a Republic which "is not a nation," which is a Federation of States, and can, therefore, do only things which do not interfere with State independence, *i. e.*, practically nothing at all. The nation, for instance, could not punish the Carolinas for refusing to arm their militia against an invasion. The State, subject to the single obligation not to arm against the Union, is Sovereign, may make suffrage laws, or labour laws, or laws about personal right opposed to the whole spirit of the rest of the community, yet must not be so much as officially censured. What is this but the very pretension which produced the war, put forward for the very same end, namely, to maintain through State privileges the aristocracy of colour? General Blair, indeed, asserts plainly in his letter that he will with that object maintain those privileges by the sword,—a statement which, considering his antecedents, reads exactly like one by Mr. Disraeli avowing his determination to prevent Jewish emancipation by the bayonet,—and there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who reads the proceedings

that these were the ideas most enthusiastically received, and that Mr. Seymour was elected to support them, and not repudiation, except as an extremely subordinate and half-real issue. The Democrats, in fact, have fallen back upon their old ideas, the ideas which produced the war, and are reasserting them with their old audacity and their old defiance of national feeling. The long rigmarole about bad officials, corruption, and the rest of it,—much of which is well founded,—means clearly nothing, except that Republicans are in power; the few words about the debt mean little, except that it is necessary to conciliate the Western Democratic vote; and the gist, and pith, and essence of the whole business is State independence.

We confess, as we said before, to being utterly puzzled. Slavery has always appeared to us a moral question upon which no terms are possible, which justifies any man, even if, like John Brown, he stands alone, in rising in arms against any society, however prosperous or however well meaning in all other respects; but State Sovereignty, we can understand, presents itself to Americans as a political and not a moral question, as a matter, like Repeal, almost too large and involving too many issues to allow of discussion, but still strictly within the domain of politics. And yet even when that distinction is made, and it is an unwarrantably large one,—for the right of a nation to continue existing is scarcely a thesis for debate,—we are unable to understand the action of the Democratic leaders. Do they really think that the American freeholders are going to treat the existence of an American nation, a people with rights superior to any piece of parchment ever signed by man, as an open question? If the war settled anything, we should have thought it was this,—that sooner than not be a nation the American people will see their country once more become a wilderness; will give up all that makes life worth having; will give up life itself, perishing determinedly man by man. If the war, with its sacrifices of life, of prosperity, and of "constitutional" principle—for its management was revolutionary throughout—did not mean this, what in the name of the buried did it mean? We should have thought—for that matter, we still think—there could be but one answer to that question, yet here we have the leaders of the second party in the Union affirming with enthusiasm that the war meant nothing; that its objects were not secured, and ought not to be secured; that—the phrase is positively insolent in its naked defiance

—the Union is "not a nation." Two years ago Mr. Vallandigham was a monster of iniquity in the North, to-day his colleagues have positively left even him in the rear. On what do they rely? On the East, which sent every arms-bearing man it could raise to fight against this theory? or on the West, which to this hour is jealously maintaining that it endured, dared, and sacrificed more than the East itself? That a defeated power should hope to trick a victorious power into surrendering the results of its victory is intelligible, but that it should ask it to surrender also the principle for which it fought, surrender it openly by plebiscitum, this, we confess, does seem to us explicable only in one way. The Democratic party, conscious of defeat utter and final, careless of consequences and reckless of support, has allowed a few ultras to give expression to the most offensive and least practical conceivable expression of their ideas. One has seen that state of mind before. The Orange party victorious would be a tyrannical but tolerably statesmanlike supporter of a steady, cruel, and consistent class despotism. Defeated, it screams out threats of rebellion if the "tenure of the Crown" is changed. The Fenians victorious would be socialist republicans; defeated they maintain that outrages like the Clerkenwell explosion are acts of war. The platform is a sort of yell of defiance, emitted without hope as the last injury the party which utters it can inflict upon their opponents, the only revenge within their political power to obtain. At least, if this be not the solution, if the American people or any great section of them are prepared, after four years of battle, after the loss of one-fourth of their wealth and one-tenth of their adult population in maintaining their right to be a nation, to give up that right, then we admit frankly we have utterly misjudged their character, misinterpreted their history, and misread their future. Of all the mad freaks a great party ever committed, this platform of the Democrats, unless indeed they mean war, seems to us the least sane.

We have already explained that the platform accepted by the Convention of American Democrats is a platform of State sovereignty as well as of repudiation. Upon this latter point the Republicans themselves seem shaky. A resolution requesting the Committee of Ways and Means to prepare a Bill levying a tax of 10 per cent. upon United States' Bonds was proposed by General Butler, and carried by 92 to 55, the majority containing 55 Republicans, and this

though repudiation had just been repudiated by the party assembled in Convention at Chicago. It is suggested that the Republicans do not like losing the Repudiator vote, and trust the Senate to reject any such bill; but a man is not the less a thief because he thinks the police will take the handkerchief from him. The Committee of Ways and Means reported unanimously against such a bill as fatal to American character and credit; but there is more dishonesty among American Liberals than their friends elsewhere can either tolerate or pardon.

From The Saturday Review, 25 July.
AMERICA.

A PRESIDENTIAL Convention resembles in many respects a Papal Conclave. The nugatory or fictitious votes which precede the final decision are determined in both cases by similar manœuvres, and the necessity of consulting the wishes of certain States, has a tendency analagous to the veto which is customarily allowed at a Papal election to the three great Catholic Powers. The late proceedings at New York appear to have been unusually exciting and amusing; for the secret of the ultimate nomination, though it may probably have been known to the majority of the delegates, was conventionally kept, until it became necessary at the end of the contest to disclose the name of the winner. Then, in the language of a cognate profession, Mr. Seymour came through his horses, and finally walked alone past the judge's chair. During the early part of the contest, Mr. Pendleton, as the favourite of the Western States, and the chief advocate of repudiation, took the lead in several successive ballots; but it soon appeared that he had exhibited his utmost strength at the commencement, and on repeated trials he obtained no new adherents. It might have been supposed by strangers, that the adoption in the Democratic platform of the doctrine of repudiation would increase Mr. Pendleton's chance of success; but the Democratic managers, having ensured the support of the vast multitude of fraudulent debtors, prudently determined to sweep into their net, if not the creditors, at least the qualified supporters of good faith. Out of 317 votes it was necessary for the successful candidate to obtain two-thirds, or a minimum vote of 212; and Mr. Pendleton never rose beyond 156, or less than one-half of the whole number. The other ostensible candidates were, with the exception perhaps of General Hancock, only proposed for the purpose of dividing the votes; and

probably the more experienced tacticians foresaw from the first that the New York delegation had the game in its hands. While Mr. Pendleton was heading the poll, the thirty-three votes of New York were steadily given for a Mr. Church, of whom nobody had ever heard; and there was a strong probability that, to resume the Turf metaphor, he was making the running for his stable companion. It was at least obvious that New York would not vote for Pendleton, or for any other of the nominal candidates. At an early period of the struggle the delegates of one of the smaller States blurted out the secret by naming Mr. Seymour, who at the time presided over the Convention; but their premature eagerness was rebuked by Mr. Seymour himself, who assured the Convention that he could not in honour accept the nomination. It was not until Mr. Pendleton's name was withdrawn, and General Hancock had obtained 135 votes, that Mr. Seymour was formally proposed, and unanimously accepted by the Convention. There is reason to suppose that no better choice could have been made, for Mr. Seymour is a cultivated man as well as an experienced politician; and his frequent protests against the payment of the debt in greenbacks will furnish scrupulous partisans with a pretext for supporting the nominee of a repudiating Convention. Mr. Francis Blair, who was afterwards named as Vice-President, was conspicuous during the war as the agent ordinarily selected by Mr. Lincoln to negotiate with the Southern leaders. His father was then a member of the Cabinet, and the family were believed to enjoy the President's entire confidence. The nomination of Mr. Blair as Vice-President is intended to signify the strongest condemnation of the Republican plan of reconstruction; for immediately before the meeting of the Convention, Mr. Blair expressed in a published letter his hope that a Democratic President would refuse to recognize the validity of all recent legislation respecting the Southern States. If Mr. Seymour should be elected, and if Mr. Blair should by any casualty succeed to his office, the attempt to act on the principles which he has professed would be difficult and dangerous. Even if Congress were willing to support the President in reversing the Republican policy, it would be more judicious to recognize the nominal re-admission of several States than to expose the monstrous anomalies of the present sham representation. The extravagant blunders of the Republican leaders ensure the future triumph of the party which vindicates the rights of the Southern States. The mere

abolition of the test, and the repeal of the provision which enacts universal suffrage, would at once restore the government of every Southern State to the class which is temporarily disfranchised. The election of Mr. Blair following the publication of his letter illustrates the temper of the Democratic party.

The whimsical English zealots who blindly devote themselves to the cause of American faction will not fail to comment with perfect justice on the shameless doctrines of the New York platform; but if a foreigner were to take any part in an alien contest, and to be guided by a regard to financial honesty, he would find that the Republicans are bidding against their opponents for the favour of the repudiating part of the constituency. In recommending the House of Representatives to pass a Bill for confiscating ten per cent. of the property of the national creditor, Mr. Butler, sharing perhaps the ignorance which he attributed to his colleagues, quoted the English Income-tax as a precedent for the proposed spoliation. A little consideration or inquiry would have satisfied Mr. Butler himself that a tax imposed equally on all incomes bears no analogy to a special deduction of a percentage from dividends. The majority of Republicans, in voting for the scandalous project, may perhaps have hoped, like the Democratic Convention when it nominated Mr. Seymour, to conciliate voters who had been repelled by the rigidity of the Chicago platform. Some of the freaks of the House of Representatives are explained by habitual reliance on the comparative prudence of the Senate, which still regards in some degree the responsibilities of a Legislative Assembly; but on the present occasion the supposed popularity of repudiating doctrines has prevailed over any feelings of self-respect which might have otherwise counteracted the unprincipled levity of the Lower House. The Senate has passed an insidious Bill creating five per cent. bonds payable in gold, to be exchanged at par for existing obligations of the United States at the pleasure of the holder. It may be pretended that the offer of a voluntary transaction cannot involve a fraud; but, if the Bill is not intended to prepare the way for partial repudiation, it must be wholly inoperative. Holders of Five-Twenty Bonds are entitled to six per cent., payable according to the letter of their contract in gold, and at the end of the term they have a right to the payment of their principal in specie. An acceptance of the new securities in

place of six per cent. bonds would be equivalent to payment of an income-tax of sixteen per cent. on their dividends, in consideration of a new promise which would not be more binding than the original bargain. A man, or a State, in offering to compound with a creditor, admits a pressure of unavoidable or wilful insolvency. No public or private debtor has yet anticipated the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the Democratic Convention, by an equally deliberate and inexcusable contemplation of bankruptcy.

The chances are apparently in favour of a Republican victory in the ensuing contest, but, unless the party now dominant can obtain a majority in the North, grave complications will arise. Congress has passed a Bill prohibiting any of the Southern States which have not been readmitted from taking part in the Presidential election, and the constituencies in the restored States had previously been packed by party legislation. If the Democrats have a majority in the Northern States, they will insist on counting the votes of the excluded States, and they may contend with much force that the disfranchised section of the population shall vote in all parts of the South. If the States which have not yet been reconstructed set the Act of Congress at defiance, the only appeal will be to military force, or in other words, to General Grant, who is the Republican candidate. In many conditions of society the army is supreme, but the United States are far from having approached to such a state of degradation. If General Grant ordered one of his lieutenants to disperse by force a meeting held to vote for his competitor, it is not improbable that half the Republican party would at the last moment vote for Mr. Seymour. With a cordial supporter in the President's chair the Democrats would have an additional chance of finding the law or its representatives on their side; and the Republicans have used their utmost efforts to alienate the Supreme Court. In the probable contingency of a Republican triumph in the North, the habitual respect of Americans for public opinion will discourage any attempt to set aside for the purposes of the election the questionable legislation of Congress. The decision will probably, as usual, rest with Pennsylvania, as the Democrats will almost certainly carry New York. The Western States have reason to hope equally from both parties the repudiation of the debt.

From The Economist, 25 July.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

It was not unnatural that we in England, who are at present more deeply interested in the perfect solvency of the United States than in the ill-understood struggle between the two great parties there, should have at first regarded Mr. Reuter's telegram concerning the Democratic party's "platform" in relation to repudiation, as much more important in its bearing on the party fight than it really was. Now that we have the full account of the proceedings of the Democratic Convention, it seems perfectly obvious that the question of (partial) repudiation was entirely a minor question, intended to draw additional support from among the less staunch Republicans of the West, who have suffered greatly from the high taxation; that its interest as regards the great bulk of the party is rather its popularity at the South, which very naturally wishes to escape either all or any part of the debt incurred in its subjugation by the North, than the relief which it affords to the Northern Democrats themselves; and that the whole enthusiasm of the Democratic party really turns on the old points—the controversy of the States against the Union, the controversy of the whites against the negroes, the controversy of the Presidential office against Congress. So conspicuous does this become on reading the full report of the discussions in the Democratic Convention, that the shrewd correspondent of the *Morning Post* intimates his belief that the "plank" of the platform which seems to accept repudiation is all *show*, and not meant to be what it seems at all. He points out that the platform itself, while asserting the right to pay off the debt in paper, also inserts a cunning proviso that such paper shall be attained exclusively by taxation, not by new paper issues, and he infers that if only *surplus* taxation is to be used for paying off the debt, even though it be paper, it can never pay off *much* debt, and that this will probably be made the excuse, if the Democratic party should succeed, for throwing over its Western allies altogether, and evading the actual repudiation which it has adopted only as an electioneering stroke. The words of the repudiating "plank" in the platform are these:—

"*Third*.—Payment of the public debt of the United States as rapidly as practicable; all monies drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the necessities of the Government economically administered, being honestly applied to such payment, and where the obligations

of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in the lawful money of the United States.

"*Fourth*.—Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other public securities."

And the writer we have referred to argues that the limitation of the resources for the payment of the debt to surplus taxation really leaves the Democratic party quite at liberty, if it should obtain power, to pay off in paper or not, as it pleases, since it may so reduce taxation as to have no balance to apply for the reduction of the debt at all. This plea seems to us rather wire-drawn. And it is reasonable to suppose that a clause put in expressly to draw votes must be worked for the same reason for which it is put in—namely, to conciliate support from the West. But be this as it may, the doctrine that the repudiation policy is only a bait, not meant for practical use, but only to please both South and West, is, at least, *nearer* the truth than the notion that it is the central Democratic idea on which the Presidential contest will chiefly turn. Had it been so, Mr. Pendleton, and not Mr. Horatio Seymour, would have been chosen the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. What determined the vote for the latter was that he had been usually supposed to be the bondholder's friend, yet had no objection to accept a doctrine which seemed to make him the bondholder's enemy,—while, in short, on the repudiation question he was vague and hesitating,—on the other and more popular questions—those of sympathy with the South as against the North, sympathy with the whites as against the negroes, sympathy with the Presidency as against Congress—he was known to be thoroughly decided, and even had the reputation of having given the central Government more trouble during the war than any Governor of an unseceded State. The enthusiasm with which Mr. Seymour's nomination was subsequently carried, all the Democratic delegations voting for him unanimously, was undoubtedly caused by the joint impression of personal ability and cautious disloyalty to the Union which he had managed to produce when as Governor of New York he did so much to hold back the Volunteer levies, and so little to prevent the sack of the school for coloured orphans at the time of the Irish riots.

And if we examine carefully both the new Democratic platform, and the other elec-

pioneering documents which have led to the choice of Mr. Seymour and Colonel Blair, as the Democratic candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, we shall find this impression strongly confirmed. In the platform itself the first article demands "immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union under the Constitution, and of civil government to the American people,"—of course without any conditions, and in violation of those imposed by Congress. The second article demands an amnesty for all political offences, and "the regulation of the elective franchise in the States by their citizens,"—a clause under which it would be perfectly competent for any States which have refused to make the negroes citizens to exclude them altogether from elective rights. Then, after the articles which assert the right of paying off the debt in currency and of taxing it, there comes the article approving the policy of "abolishing the Freedmen's bureau and all political instrumentalities designed to secure negro supremacy" (i.e., of course, designed to secure negroes from unlimited oppressions). The platform goes on to declare all "the Reconstruction Acts (so called of Congress) as usurpations and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." In short, the whole tenor of the document issued by the Democratic party is in the highest degree hostile to the power assumed by Congress over the States—and to the object for which Congress has assumed those rights,—the security of the negroes against their former masters. So far as the Democratic statement of principles is concerned, there would be no obstacle whatever in the way of the re-establishment of the whole social system which gave rise to the war in the Southern States, and if not legally of slavery in its old form, at least of a system of serfage almost identical in social and political results.

What puts this attitude of the Democrats in a still more striking form is the letter written by Colonel Blair, which seems to have gained him the nomination for the Vice Presidency. In this letter he openly advises that if a Democratic President should be elected, he should immediately use *force* to undo the recent Congressional legislation:—"The Reconstruction policy of the Radicals will be complete before the next election; the States, so long excluded, will have been admitted; negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in both branches of Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President, and

a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We cannot, therefore, undo the Radical plan of Reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these Acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganise their own Governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

Of course a great deal of this is sheer bluster, but it shows the kind of bluster which succeeds in attracting Democratic votes. Nothing so decidedly secessionist in tendency as this has been put forth by nominal Unionists since the beginning of the war. Indeed, if Colonel Blair's programme meant more than bluster, it would mean another war. We do not suppose that this is in the least what the Democratic party seriously wish for. War cannot be the object of a party which insists on retrenchment and the reduction of taxation. But the danger of this sort of boast, if the party which indulges it were to succeed in gaining power, is that it not unfrequently precipitates those who indulge in it into a violence much beyond their wish and intention. When once they have given their party hope of a policy stronger than that for which the leaders are in their hearts prepared, they are not unfrequently held to it against their own better judgment by the supporters whom they have.

Our readers must not suppose that we believe the Democratic candidates for the Presidency to have any considerable chance of success. As far as we can judge, the great masses of the nation will regard General Grant as the National candidate, and, as we hope, return him by a majority which will leave no anxiety about the Irish vote, no reason for affecting towards us a hostility founded on no true national grievance, but only on electioneering policy. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the Democratic party, discredited as it seems to us alike by its candidates and its proposed policy (which, if it meant what it says, would be almost equivalent to a renewal of the war, and if it does not is disgraced by the very fact that it boasts much and means nothing), is far stronger in the States, and indulges far more hope for its own success than we believed possible three weeks ago. Whether the violence of Mr. Stevens and the Republicans, the vulgar cunning of General Butler, the whole management of the impeach-

ment, which was nearly as bad as it could be—have estranged some of the Republican party, or whether the depression caused by the complicated and oppressive tariff has driven a great party in the Western States into temporary alliance with the South, we do not know; but we can see clearly that there is an enthusiasm and business-like energy about the proceedings of the party which looks exceedingly unlike virtual annihilation; and we fear that the contest will be a sharp one, though it is scarcely possible to doubt that the great and sagacious General under whom the North gained its victory will be the national choice for the next Presidency.

From The Saturday Review.

THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD.*

THE Old Shekarry is the type and model of a true sportsman. Possessing an extraordinary command over his weapons, of iron constitution, wholly devoid of those unpleasant encumbrances called nerves, and capable of enduring any amount of labour, he achieved such a reputation that he was enabled to attract to his service, and to secure the devoted confidence of, a body of men who at the first sign of misfortune would have turned tail and fled. Much of the hold that we have on the minds of the native population of India is due to the personal prowess of our officers, to their contempt for danger whether in war or sport, and to the equal serenity with which they face the enemy on the field or the tiger in the jungle. The Old Shekarry won the regard of his wild regiment of game-trackers and jungle-beaters not only by his marvellous precision as a marksman, and by the almost mysterious success that seemed to wait on his movements, but also by his invariable forethought for the safety of his followers, and by his readiness to do the hardest share of the work, to incur the greatest risk, and to post himself where the danger was most imminent. And it says much for his good generalship that the few fatal accidents which occurred during his expeditions were attributable to neglect of his direct instructions. The allegiance of the superstitious natives was thus additionally secured; for did not obedience bring them good fortune, and plenty of meat and grog, and was not disobedience punished with death? What could resist a man who let an elephant charge within six paces to

secure a more killing shot, and who whistled to a tiger in his lair to make him turn his head—whom even the mosquitos forbore to bite, and suffered to sleep in peace? The real cause of the Old Shekarry's astonishing success, apart from his physical qualifications, is to be found, we think, in his thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the animals which he undertook to kill. By long experience he knew to an inch the vital points of a tiger, an elephant, a buffalo, and a lion; and a steady hand and a first-rate rifle did the rest. On the excellence of his arms much depended; for when death or life hung on hitting a mark only an inch or two in diameter, the slightest fault either in the manufacture or the sighting of the rifle would be fatal. A bad workman quarrels with his tools, it is said; but, as with most proverbs, the opposite is just as true—namely, that a good workman can do nothing certain with inferior tools.

This volume contains some desultory narratives of sporting expeditions in various parts of the world—in India, Southern and Central, in Circassia, and in Africa. They are rather loosely thrown together, and not always very well told; but many of the adventures are so exciting as to make us forget the absence of literary graces in their narration. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the chase and death of a celebrated man-eating tiger, that had long been the scourge of the district which he haunted, and had carried off nearly a hundred natives, male and female. The destruction of such a monster raises his conqueror from the rank of sportsman into a public benefactor. The natives are powerless to cope with them, and tigers that have once acquired an appetite for human flesh never lose it. Their nature becomes, if possible, more ferocious than ever, while Providence bestows on them powers of craft and cunning far superior to those which they possessed when preying on such humble game as deer and antelopes. The craft of this particular tiger had baffled all efforts of the terrified natives to discover even his lair. Bullocks had been picketed in places frequented by him, but he would leave them untouched and carry off the herdsmen. His trail had been followed for miles, but he had such devices of doubling back, and eluding detection, that the charnel-house to which his victims were carried remained undiscovered. Sixteen post-runners had been swept away in six months, the fatal spring being made at one particular bend in the road. Once one native tracker had caught sight of him drinking; and as he

* *The Hunting Grounds of the Old World.* By "The Old Shekarry," H. A. L. New Edition. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1868.

bounded away into the jungle he noticed that he was not as other tigers are, but that his skin was of a dirty faded yellow. At the head of an army of beaters the Old Shekarry took up the trail of this monster at a point where a native woman had been carried off on the preceding night. Taking advantage of every sign, such as marks in the sand where the tiger had laid down his still living victim to get a firmer gripe, and her hands had clutched the soil convulsively, a rag of dress or a few long hairs caught in the thorns, the trail was followed for miles:—

At length we distinctly heard grating sounds, like the gnawing of bones, accompanied by low snarls, and growls. . . . We made our way with great difficulty through the dense under-wood for about a hundred yards, the noise becoming plainer and more distinct as we advanced, until at last we emerged into an open glade. Here, looking cautiously around, I found the noise proceeded from two jackals, who were munching and tearing the flesh from some half-stripped human bones. . . . This was evidently the hecatomb of the man-eater, for I counted, from skulls and remains of half-eaten bodies, about twenty-three victims of both sexes, as we could see, from the hair, clothes, broken bangles, and gold and silver ornaments belonging to native women. We picked up two massive silver bracelets belonging to his last victim, whose fresh remains exhibited signs of tattooing, which were recognised by one of the villagers who was with us. We also found two gold neck ornaments, which mark the married woman; and a knife, which the dhoby assured us he knew belonged to a post-runner who had been killed about a month before. The stench from the decayed animal matter was almost insupportable.

Tigers, like alligators, like their meat high, and generally keep it till decomposition has commenced. Having found this pleasant lair, the next thing was to find the man-eater himself. The jungle was systematically beaten, and all meaner game was spared; but, though several tigers and tigresses fell, the great delinquent was not among the number. For some days he was lost, but at length news came that he had been seen skulking in the neighbourhood of the village, and the trail being immediately followed up, it was conclusively proved that he must be lying *perdu* near that identical bend in the road where so many unlucky post-runners had been pounced upon. The Old Shekarry now adopted a resolution which stamps him as something much more heroic than an ordinary sportsman. He determined to dress up as a post-runner, and to go alone at sunset to this bend in the road, and abide the man-eater's onset. Two

or three of his bravest followers volunteered to accompany him, but the offer was declined, for it was thought that the tiger might be alarmed at the presence of several persons where he had been accustomed to see one only. After a good sleep and, we will venture to add, a hearty meal, the Old Shekarry, dressed in native costume, and armed with a short double-barrelled rifle, a brace of pistols, and a huge knife, betook himself to the ill-omened spot. Ringing his postman's bell as he walked along, he gradually drew nearer and nearer. The issue must be told in his own words:—

The sun had almost set as I proceeded slowly down the road, and although I was perfectly cool, and as steady as possible, I felt cold drops of perspiration start from my forehead as I approached the spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. I passed the rock, keeping well on the look-out, and listening carefully for the slightest sound. . . . Whilst ascending the opposite side of the ravine, I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf; I paused, and, turning to the left, fronted the spot from whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me; then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared. I stepped back a couple of paces, in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing. I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for a second spring, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death agony, for my shot had entered the neck and gone downwards into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when dark blood rushed from his nostrils, a slight tremor passed over all his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead, and his victims avenged.

In elephant hunting the Old Shekarry was equally successful, and, we are happy to say, adopted the same principle of despatching his noble game as speedily as possible, and with the infliction of the smallest amount of pain. There is a hollow space, about the size of a saucer, on the forehead of the Indian elephant, immediately above the root of the trunk. A ball striking this spot produces almost immediate death. The Old Shekarry rarely fired till he could get a certain aim at this small mark, and he cared not what labour he underwent or what risks he ran in his endeavours to se-

cure a favourable opportunity for a fatal shot. He acted like a workman, in fact, not like a butcher. Curiously enough, on about the only occasion when, from necessity or excitement, he indulged in a snap shot, he narrowly escaped with his life. He had killed two bulls with a bullet each in the "saucer," and had only time to snatch up another gun, when an enormous bull and seven cows dashed past like a whirlwind. By a couple of snap shots behind the ear—for it was a broadside chance—the bull was brought to his knees; and the Old Shekarry rushed off to intercept him. In this he succeeded, but he had to stand his charge, rendered doubly violent by his wounds and his fury. He was allowed to come within fifteen paces, shrieking at the top of his voice, and then the Old Shekarry let drive both barrels at the "saucer." Whether he was out of breath with the run, or the rifle was too heavy, our author knows not; but he admits that his aim was unsteady; and the animal, not being killed stone dead, came on, picked up the Old Shekarry like a cocoanut, and not having time to trample on him, whirled him into infinite space. When he recovered his senses, he found himself lying in a pool of blood, that poured from his nose, his mouth, and his ears. He was at the top of a nullah, or watercourse, and his rifle was at the bottom. Like a true sportsman, he would not be separated from his trusty weapon, and with great difficulty scrambled down after it. It was a scramble out of the frying-pan into the fire. Hardly had he attended to his rifle, and begun to attend to himself, when the wounded bull espied him, and, with a terrific scream, tore down the bed of the watercourse. Escape there was none. With limbs stiff and body bruised it was difficult even to raise the rifle to the shoulder. But the strong will beat the weak body. As a last chance the Old Shekarry took a steady aim at the "saucer" and pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared away there was a mighty mass lying close to him. The elephant was dead, and his victor was insensible. His body from the waist upwards was black. The natives covered the bruised part with leeches, and their marks remain unto this day.

We are not going to pick all the plums out of the book. The samples we have given might be multiplied indefinitely, and readers will find no lack of excitement in any of the adventures of a man who, in proportion as he courted danger, rose triumphant over it. Incidentally we discover that the Old Shekarry is a man of the world,

as well as a mighty hunter. Scattered through his books there are receipts for cooking, and receipts for restorative drinks, that speak of the taste and palate of a master. And at p. 220 there is a receipt for a hookah mixture so inviting as almost to make it worth the while of every smoking man—and who is not a smoking man in these days?—to make an expedition into those tropical lands where, after the heat and dust and fatigue of the day, the hunter may naturally look for comfort and narcotics.

From The Saturday Review.

THE WEATHER.

THE weather has passed from its habitual position in our conversation. Instead of being a mere shoeing-horn to introduce more interesting topics, it has become the staple of all intercourse between human beings—the one really attractive and absorbing subject. If at any time during the last few weeks, or, as it seems to the wearied imagination, the last few years, we could have applied an acoustic machine to collect into one all the various streams of talk that are dribbling in a thousand dining-rooms, one sound, like Aaron's rod, would swallow up all the rest. We should hear in every variety of tone the one melancholy wail—how hot it is! There is literally steaming up a lamentation and a ceaseless tale of wrong, and though the bodies from which it proceeds are limp and dilapidated, we may certainly add that the words are strong. Of possible evils to crops or to health we say nothing; but the national loss in the shape of temper would be something startling if it were calculable by any statistical method. To complain is of course useless, except so far as even useless complaint affords a certain transient solace; to philosophize is all but impossible; and even to think or write connectedly is a serious effort for persons of delicate constitution. Yet a few random reflections gradually impress themselves upon the enfeebled intellects of the sufferers. It is impossible, for example, not to feel a certain sense of humiliation at the power exercised by a trifling rise of the thermometer. The influence produced upon national character by varieties of climate has been a commonplace since the days of Montesquieu; the importance of even a slight change is being forcibly impressed upon the least attentive. It is curious to think by how slight a tenure we hold some of the gifts upon which we chiefly pride ourselves. Our political and religious ideas dissolve and melt with the waste of

our animal tissues. One trifling example is often given. The material image by which the Southern nations instinctively represent the penalties of a future world is that of intense heat. The Esquimaux, on the other hand, consider hell to be a region of bitter and never-ceasing cold. In our normally changeable climate, the more appropriate conception seems to be that in *Paradise Lost*, where the damned are carried by sudden changes from one extreme to the other. Just now it is impossible for any person of average constitution to dissociate the ideas of cold and comfort. Though we cannot quite console ourselves by thinking on the frosty Caucasus, we can derive some pleasure from the thoughts of American cooling drinks; there is a music about the very sound of smashers and cobbler and cocktails. And in the opposite direction, our ideas of the infernal regions conform with singular accuracy to the ordinary images derived from Oriental sources. We have simply to fancy ourselves pacing Pall Mall for ever under the heat of a London July. But in more important matters than the concrete symbols by which we choose to interpret theological doctrines, the disintegration of our national creeds is beginning to manifest itself. Take, for example, the British Constitution, that palladium of our liberties, the British jury, the glorious system of party government, or any other topic of English complacency. We have been accustomed to speak of them as eternal and immutable, founded upon the solid rock of human nature; and yet it is becoming manifest that in our exultation we have forgotten the necessary proviso that the thermometer should not habitually exceed (say) 80°. When it rises distinctly above that limit party government becomes a mockery. The House of Commons is a purgatory to which no patriotism could reconcile a man for more than a limited period. The few heroic persons who adhere to their benches become as languid as an Oriental council, with occasional outbursts of intense irritability. Absolute submission is possible under such circumstances, or a fierce quarrel, succeeded by utter prostration; but that which is not possible is a spirited and long-continued contest, in which a succession of combatants comes up fresh and smiling, each man hitting his hardest, and yet never losing his temper. To maintain a vigorous struggle the constitution must be elastic, and the muscles braced. The temperature must be such as to allow of persistent effort; a certain temperate heat is necessary for a party fight as for an athletic performance, for it makes at least an equal drain on the consti-

tution. If the present heat were to continue, half the members would be panting like wearied dogs, and the other half snapping like the same animals in incipient hydrophobia. The dignity of the assembly would disappear: the Speaker must abandon his wig; the Ministers must take off their coats; messengers must be admitted with cooling drinks; and irritable tempers would find the ordinary modes of warfare insufficient, and take to the bowie-knife and revolver as a more emphatic relief to their feelings. If a nearer approximation has not been made to this state of things, it is partly because many members have fled, and because the remainder are too much jaded to be capable of any vigorous action. They snap, but they have not enough energy to bite. The House of Commons, in short, is an assembly emphatically suited to moderate degrees of heat. A great statistician proved that a certain flower blossomed when the sum of the squares of the mean daily temperatures was equal to a given quantity. Some similar law may probably be discovered showing at what moment the bands of party restraint would infallibly burst, and Parliament dissolve into an incoherent mass of demoralized units rising only to spasmodic quarrels. The same causes affect even more deeply the national spirit from which even Parliament derives its authority. What is the sacred institution whose peril would rouse us to descend into the streets at midday? Could Mr. Beales collect a public meeting under this sun to vindicate a great constitutional principle? The very odour of a collected mob would drive off all persons possessed of olfactory organs, and the orator could hardly find voice to speak, or the masses to raise a languid cheer. Nay, if a French despot were to land upon our shores, and propose to relieve us of all the bother of governing the country, we could almost find it in our hearts to bless him for his benevolence and public spirit. In spite of enthusiasts at Wimbledon, patriotism is too exciting a passion to be welcome at a temperature of over 80°.

The morality which has for its object the social relations is, if possible, a still more irksome burden. During the hot hours of the day one feels that the duty of Christian charity should be to a certain extent relaxed. One ought of course to love one's neighbour as oneself; but then it must be admitted that "oneself" is anything but an object of unqualified affection. So far as a man's body is concerned, he is a nuisance to himself and to all his neighbours. He is simply a moist mass of unpleasant matter,

absorbing a considerable share of a limited atmosphere, and certainly giving out nothing agreeable to make up for it. We cannot follow Sydney Smith's advice of taking off our flesh and sitting in our bones; but we become vividly sensible that flesh is on the whole a mistake. A fat man becomes *ipso facto* a criminal; a certain fiendlike consolation may be derived from the spectacle of his sufferings by those who can complacently give thanks that they are not even as this sinner; but the pleasure is certainly immoral. The duty which a fat man owes to society at the present moment is to retire to some cool cellar, and there hide his sufferings from mankind until the return of frost gives an undeniable advantage to the oleaginous compounds of humanity. The spiritual part of our nature is not so directly interested; some of the virtues may be considered to retain their obligation even when an unprincipled thermometer rises to 100° in the shade. But a large number of the moral commands become ambiguous. All that collection of axioms about procrastination being the thief of time, and its congeners, should be temporarily repealed. Busy men are a nuisance. We ought to do nothing that can be put off till to-morrow. Instead of snatching the fleeting moments as they pass, we should be thankful that one more day has passed with no work of any kind accomplished. How sweet it is to pause, to make an end, to rest unburnished, not to shine in use, as though to breathe were not life enough for any reasonable human being! Utter and complete laziness should be the ideal of reasonable men, and the only permissible work that which prevents some other person from doing more.

It must be admitted that some of these remarks have a superficially immoral sound. They are contrary to accepted doctrines, and tend to sanction that weakness of the flesh by which we are sufficiently liable to be conquered. The effort of discovering the deeper ground which would reconcile them to the ordinary exhortations is too great for the weather. Metaphysical inquiries, at least, may be suspended until a more moderate temperature sets in. We will only remark that when the laws of nature undergo so strange an alteration, it would be pedantic to suppose that the laws of morality should not show a certain capacity of adapting themselves to the condition of the world. Meanwhile we may endeavour to draw one or two conclusions more in harmony with accepted theories. The most obvious is the necessity of a large allowance of human charity. The English people, we are accustomed to remark, is

the noblest people on the face of the earth, and the English climate, in spite of vain objectors, the most admirable climate; not indeed that Englishmen have not their faults, and that even our climate is not occasionally distressing in its more normal manifestations. But the climate has, until 1868, always enjoyed this undeniable praise, that it is moderate enough to admit on every day of healthy exercise. It is singularly favourable, so far, to physical energy. For once it has signally broken down, and we may now judge for ourselves how much the excellence of the climate is a necessary condition of some of the political and moral advantages on which we pride ourselves. The Americans, as it is often remarked, have developed a new type of character with singular rapidity. For the particular direction which the change has taken we may be unable to account; but it is easy to imagine that if we were to take a hundred average Englishmen, to broil them all the summer and freeze them all the winter, some decided modifications would be produced in a generation or two. When in future we see the long sallow Yankee, we should remember to what a process he and his forefathers have been subjected; a process of natural selection has altered his whole physiognomy. We may reflect how completely the fresh-coloured, succulent, juicy Englishman is a product of the climate. In one where the extremes were greater he would not only be directly modified, as if he were kept at one time in an oven and at another in an ice-house, but he would actually tend to die out. He would be at a disadvantage in contending against the influences of the climate, and his less sanguine relatives would become the ancestors of the next generation. This type of constitution has undoubtedly its defects, even in England; but it is a most essential element in our political institutions. The compromises on which we pride ourselves do not really rest upon the system of checks and balances described by judicious writers, but on the honest, burly, thick-headed, and unexcitable race who work them. If it were possible to suppose that a permanent change was taking place in our climate of which the present summer is the commencement, we should be compelled to anticipate a corresponding extinction of the good old English Tory. The thin, eager race of democrats and revolutionary characters would increase and multiply, and we should lose an element of steadiness which no constitution-monger could replace. Let us be thankful for the national fog, and pity rather than condemn those who have

to conduct their affairs without its softening influence. No wonder if under the unceasing glare they become restless, impatient of compromises, and disposed to settle matters by sharp and decisive measures.

We are going perhaps a little too fast. Perhaps by the time this is before our readers the glorious uncertainty of the British climate may have once more vindicated itself. The Gulf Stream, of which scientific persons are disposed to make an intolerable bore, may have brought back our beloved mists. We may feel like owls retiring from the uncongenial glare of day to their habitual twilight. And perhaps the most practical moral we can take with us is the singular extent to which we are unpre-

pared in this as in some other contingencies. A bright summer comes upon us as though we had never heard of sunshine. We feel it trebly because we have none of the proper appliances. Old Indians complain that they are hotter in England than in the tropics, because neither houses nor style of living are adapted to meet so rare an enemy as the English sun. It would be some gain if we had learnt some humble lessons which are familiar in countries of no greater average heat than our own, as, for example, the real value of ice. It has made its appearance more frequently than of old upon our tables, but we still scarcely appreciate the amount of luxury to be derived from ice even in moderate weather.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A DEAD LETTER.

"*A cœur blesé—l'ombre et le silence.*"—H. DE BALZAC.

I.

I DREW it from its china tomb;
It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
That dust and days had lent it.

An old, stained letter, — folded still!
To read with due composure
I sought the sun-lit window-sill
Above the gray inclosure,

That, glimmering in the sultry haze,
Faint-flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered, like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,
Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place! You'd surely say
Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,
With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shapes; and still
The lipless dolphin spirted;

Still in his wonted state abode
The broken-nosed Apollo;
And still the cypress-arbour showed
The same umbrageous hollow.

Only, — as fresh young Beauty gleams
From coffee-coloured laces, —
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
The fresher modern traces;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
Upon the lawn were lying;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
Round which the swifts were flying;

And tossed beside the Guelder rose
A heap of rainbow knitting.
Where, blinking in her pleased repose,
A Persian cat was sitting.

"A place to love in, — live, — for aye,
If we too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray,
Scant life the Fates have thrown us;

"But now by steam we run the race
With buttoned heart and pocket;
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace, —
Just like an empty locket.

"The time is out of joint." Who will,
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter."

II.

"Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,
And Mother's storing Apples, — Prue and Me
Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam:
But we shall meet before a Week is gone, —
'Tis a long Lane that has no Turning,' John!

"Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken
Stile —

We can go round and catch them at the Gate —
All to ourselves, for nearly one long Mile;
Dear Prue won't look, and Father he'll go on,
And Sam's two Eyes are all for Cissy, John!

"John, she's so smart, — with every Ribbon
new,
Flame-coloured Sacque, and Crimson Pade-
soy;

As proud as proud; and has the Vapours too
Just like a Lady; — calls poor Sam a boy,
And vows no Sweet-Heart's worth the Think-
ing on

Till he's past Thirty, — I know better, John.

"My dear, I don't think that I thought of much
 Before we knew each other, I and you;
 And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger
 touch
 Gives me enough to think a Summer through.
 See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis
 gone!
 Look in this Corner, — mind you find it, *John*!"

III.

This was the matter of the note, —
 A long-forgot deposit,
 Dropped in a Chelsea Dragon's throat,
 Deep in a fragrant closet,

Piled with a modish Dresden world, —
 Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,
 Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,
 And great jars filled with roses!

Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!
 You had no thought or presage
 Into what keeping you dismissed
 Your simple old-world message!

A reverent one. Though we to-day
 Distrust beliefs and powers,
 The artless, ageless things you say
 Are fresh as God's own flowers,

Starring some pure primeval spring,
 Ere Gold had grown despotic, —
 Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
 Or Love a mere exotic.

I need not search too much too find
 Whose lot it was to send it,
 That feel upon me yet the kind,
 Soft hand of her who penned it;

And see, through two-score years of smoke,
 In prim, bygone apparel,
 Shine from yon time-black Norway oak
 The face of *Patience Caryl*, —

The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;
 The gray gown, quaintly flowered;
 The spotless, stately coif whose crest
 Like *Hector's* horse-plume towered;

And still that sweet half-solemn look
 Where some past thought was clinging,
 As when one shuts a serious book
 To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you! Of those you were
 Whose kind old hearts grow mellow, —
 Whose fair old faces grow more fair
 As *Point* and *Flanders* yellow;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,
 Their placid temples shading,

Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
 With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul! You died unwed
 Despite this loving letter.
 And what of *John*? Of *John* be said
 The less, I think, the better.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Good Words.

A LOVE MATCH.

I AM happy: I do not show it,
 You say, but I have my will
 At last, and if we two know it,
 It is better to be quite still.

Once I set my face as a flint,
 Once I sharpened my tongue like a sword;
 Then I battled and did not stint,
 Now, now I have my reward —

In the peace that has nothing to tell,
 In the life that has only to live;
 We know one another so well,
 The rest we know too, and forgive.

What is it you wish us to say
 Or to do? is it rapture you miss?
 Should we always be fainting away,
 In your sight, in an exquisite kiss?

Do not think we have secrets to hide,
 Or a treasure we fear will be spent;
 I have all when I sit by his side,
 There is no more love to invent.

A hush more sweet than I sought
 Has fallen on him and on me:
 You ask, is it all as I thought?
 No, why should I wish it to be?

Would I barter the trance of noonday
 For the stormy glimpses of morn,
 And the height of the level highway
 For steep thickets of flowering thorn?

Though the flowers unplucked lie behind,
 The white sun goes shining before,
 Where we follow and drink up the wind
 That pants to a far-away shore.

But you think we shall weary too,
 When the weary sun sinks from the skies;
 But the twilight will come, and the dew
 Will fall like a seal on our eyes.

Do not think that I find it lonely
 In the hush of the hot sunbeam;
 Though the child at my breast seems only
 A dream growing out of a dream.

G. A. SIMCOX.